

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ;

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING
LETTERS TO AND FROM MR. POPE.

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VOLUME 1

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LET-

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, Esq;

From the Year M DCC VII, to M DCC XI.

L E T T E R I.

March 18, 1708.

I BELIEVE it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends, and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kindness; and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to show respect, where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony: and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.

VOL. V.

A

Every

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same: it has the same business, which is poetry, and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shopkeepers are glad to be rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be when you can find leisure to write to
Your, &c.

LETTER II.

April 27, 1708.

I HAVE nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing; and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about: but pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these somethings together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than
Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity: pray, tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a vast reward is here for all the ink wasted by writers, and all the blood spilt by princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare say you never called him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving seven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to care for; and I will be judged by you if any man could live in less compass? Well, for the future I will drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowslip-wine; as for fame, renown, reputation, take them, critics!

*Tradam protervis in mare Criticum
Ventis.*

If ever I seek for immortality here, may I be damned; for there is not so much danger in a Poet's being damned:

*Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.*

L E T T E R IV.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I HAVE been so well satisfied with the country ever since I saw you, that I have not once thought of the town, or inquired of any one in it besides Mr. Wycherley and yourself. And from him I under-

stand of your journey this summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are returned by this time, to your old apartment in the window's corner, to your old business of comparing critics, and reconciling commentators, and to your old diversions of losing a game at piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre: where you are none of the malicious audience, but the chief of amorous spectators; and for the infirmity of one sense*, which there, for the most part, could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another, which ravishes you.

[† *You know, when one sense is suppressed,
It but retires into the rest.*

according to the poetical, not the learned Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense.] So you have the advantage of being entertained with all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the stage. You are so good a critic, that it is the greatest happiness of the modern poets that you do not hear their works: and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me: it is, that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage, and not out of any ambition to spread their fame, by being

* His hearing.

† Omitted by the author in his own edition.

executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names very rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's, or the ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies.

I have an hundred things to say to you, which shall be deferred till I have the happiness of seeing you in town, for the season now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you passed your time the last season: so much fine weather, I doubt not has given you all the pleasure you could desire from the country, and your own thoughts the best company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley to our forest, he continued (as you told me long since he would) an obstinate lover of the town, in spite of friendship and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all those considerable qualities I know you possessed of, I shall add that of prophecy. But I still believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am satisfied that he promises nothing but with a real design to perform it: how much soever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am,

Sir, &c.

L E T T E R V.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I HAD sent you the inclosed paper * before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards could find no opportunity of sending

* This was a translation of the first book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertisement before the first edition of it in a Miscellany published by B. Lintot, 8vo, 1711.

them without suspicion of their miscarrying; not that they are of the least value, but for fear somebody might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the translation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much more criminal for me to make another speak nonsense, than to do it in my own proper person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire version of the first book. There is an omission from the 168th line—*Jam murmura serpunt Plebis Agenorea*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between these * two Statius has a description of the council of the gods, and a speech of Jupiter; which contains a peculiar beauty and majesty, and were left out for no other reason, but because the consequence of this machine appears not till the second book). The translation goes on from thence to the words, *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fifty-cuffs between two princes on a very slight occasion, and at a time, when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in so tempestuous a night, might have rendered them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conscience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words—*Hic primum lustrare oculis*, &c.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the discreetest poets, though he was the best versifier next Virgil: in the very beginning he unluckily be-

* This he since translated, and they are extant in the printed version.

trays his ignorance in the rules of poetry, (which Horace had already taught the Romans), when he asks his Muse where to begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Leda*. When he comes to the scene of his poem, and the prize in dispute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it.—*Pugna est de paupere regno*.—Very different from the conduct of his master Virgil, who at the entrance of his poem informs his reader of the greatness of its subject.—*Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem*. [Bossu on Epic poetry.] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where speaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he says, *The whole world would be too small a prize to repay so much impiety*.

*Quid si petèretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?*

This was pretty well, one would think already; but he goes on,

*Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?*

After all this, what could a poet think of but heaven itself for the prize! but what follows is astonishing.

*Quid si Tyria Phrygiæve sub unum
Conveſcentur opes?*

I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any ancient author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the faults of this poet, if I did not hope you would take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon his translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the dissatisfaction to hear you have been

been confined to your chamber by an illness, which, I fear, was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been in the same place; where, if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another; a pleasure, which, you see, I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me; for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgements obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of him, whose example, as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the Miscellany *, or my continuation of the verses of Statius. The first I imagined you might have had before now; but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. It is a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original sonnets and epigrams, which our modern bards

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of poetical miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer were first printed.

put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which, if they cannot get off their hands in the morning, are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes Covent-garden with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the *Muses Mercury* and *British Apollo* (not to say *Jacob's miscellanies*) with verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence a-piece, has brought the nosegays of Parnassus to bear the same price; whereby the public-spirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-friars has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even though poems were distributed *gratis* about the streets, like Bunyan's sermons, and other pious treatises, usually published in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you use with Sappho to cross the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her:—I mean only (as Oldfox in the Plain Dealer says) through the ear, with your well-penned verses. I wish you all the pleasures which the season and the nymph can afford; the best company, the best coffee, and the best news you can desire: and what more to wish you than this, I do not know, unless it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verses I send you: I promise you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your sentiments for the future, (to which, you know, I have been sometimes a little refractory). If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your sense since your last perusal), you will extremely oblige me, and improve my translation. Besides those places which may deviate from the sense of the author,

it

it would be very kind in you to observe any deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The hiatus in particular I would avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a professed enemy: though, I confess, I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his poems. I thought your observation true enough to be passed into a rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had been reduced to practice: but this example of one of the most correct, and best of their poets has undeceived me, and confirms your opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, though he made it a rule, seldom observed it.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R V I I .

June 10, 1709.

I HAVE received part of the version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be just, except where you cry out, (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have some fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that passage,

The rest revolving years shall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact sense of the words—*Certo reliqua ordine ducam* *. But the duration of the action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted against, as many things besides in him, (which I wonder Bossu has not observed); for instead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two books. The narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to

* See Statius, book I. ver. 302.

promote

promote discord betwixt his sons; afterward the poet expressly describes their entering into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes on his brother's refusal to resign the throne. All this is in the first book; in the next Tydeus is sent ambassador to Eteocles, and demands his resignation in these terms,

*Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torsit, et amissæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes
Exul agit casus.*

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action, saying in book ii. chap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's rape, whereas the poet at most only deliberates whether he should or not *;

*Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.*

but then expressly passes all this with a *longa retro series*,—and says,

*limes mihi carminis esto
Oedipodæ confusa domus.*

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have tried to soften in the version:

*dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et gemitis vix fluctibus obstitit isthmus,*

is most extravagantly hyperbolic: nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

* That was the same to Bossu's purpose; which was only to shew, that there were epic poets so ignorant, or so negligent of composition, as not to know where their subject should begin.

Vacua cum solus in aula

*Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput.*

In the journey of Polynices is some geographical error;

In mediis audit duo litora campis

could hardly be; for the isthmus of Corinth is full five miles over: and *caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ*, is not consistent with what he tells us in lib. iv. line 305. "that those of Mycenæ came not to the war at this time, because they were then in confusion by the divisions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyestes." Now from the raising the Greek army against Thebes, back to the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own account) three years.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage-coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not easy to guess at my mortification; but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young, and a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one
of

of the finest faces I ever beheld, and, to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself, till, with a great deal of simplicity and innocence, she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit, (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she ate; nor was I more like the devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which had so good an effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour returned, and she was pleased to say, my prescription had wrought an immediate cure: in a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of a romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points; especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman we spoke of, shall never by any alteration in me discover my knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours: and I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise

have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro!*

But in one thing, I must confess, you have yourself obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have shewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure: the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the versification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters, as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very happy, who is very sincerely,

Your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find, by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

*Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.*

W. W. W.

*Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter, fire.*

*Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day ;*

*Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
 And innocence which most does please,
 With meditation,*

*Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.*

LETTER IX.

August 19, 1709;

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge ; but though the one be but too little for your good-nature, the other would be too much for your quiet, which is one blessing good-nature should indispensibly receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence ; the only thing by which you prove yourself no wit nor critic : though indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to them when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I received so much civility at first, I could hardly have expected so

much sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you would omit nothing to improve me.

I caused an acquaintance of mine to inquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been informed, that you have left your speculative angel in the Widow's coffee-house, and, bidding adieu for some time to all the rehearsals, reviews, gazettes, &c. have marched off into Lincolnshire. Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, though not in the action; for though life, for the most part, like an old play, be still the same, yet now and then a new scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular play, let it be a good merry farce, a G-d's name, and a fig for the critical unities! For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor all of these; every actor is much better known by his having the same face, than by keeping the same character: for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to-day Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play, "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me, is "this your tragedy, or your comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcerned spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herself can ever shut up, or silence*.—While that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate, in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy prospect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruined Ilium!

* What follows to the end of this letter is omitted in the author's own edition.

What now can they hope, dispossessed of their ancient seats, but to serve as captives to the insulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted subjects of France do not, in our Postman, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as these perishing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich; who, like him, disdains all proposals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been secretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-street; and a memorial, representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a person of quality) out of his first minister the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the said person of quality and others, on the part of the confederates, and his theatrical majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reason.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say I am more obliged to you this summer than to any of my acquaintance; for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum; obliviscendus et illis*. The only companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully says, *Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur*: which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them: for the Muses,

if you take them as companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forced to live or depend upon them, would find himself in a very bad condition. That quiet, which Cowley calls the *companion of obscurity*, was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our friend's welfare. It is extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long silence. However, the love of some things rewards itself, as of Virtue, and Mr. Wycherley. I am surpris'd at the danger, you tell me, he has been in, and must agree with you, that our nation must have lost in him as much wit and probity, as would have remained (for aught I know) in the rest of it. My concern for his friendship will excuse me (since I know you honour him so much, and since you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneasiness to you, and tell you that there has not been wanting one, to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as constantly here in the country, as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town).

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen tempts me to do, I will give you some account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?* You are to know then, that as it is likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while

while to imitate him in) a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill-used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park.—Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable books, sacred and profane, extant, (*viz.* the Scripture and Homer), have shewn a particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog, Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years: (which by the way is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she died: may the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors!) You shall have it in verse.

A R G U S.

*When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,*

Forgot

*Forgot of all his own domestic crew ;
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew !
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay ;
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
 And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
 ('Twas all he could), and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet ;
 Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
 Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd !*

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the *Dog's Grave* to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called *the order of the elephant*) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects : he gave his order this motto, or to this effect, (which still remains), *Wild-brat was faithful*. Sir William Trumbull has told me a story * which he heard from one that was present : King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I

* Sir Philip Warwick tells this story in his Memoirs.

will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

LETTER XL

April 10, 1710.

I HAD written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy Week. Besides our family would have been scandalized to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses. I assure you I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very well-disposed person; no great hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that, and drinking. They all say, it is a pity I am so sickly, and I think it is a pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author since I came down, but have learned without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the parson or me upon making some for them. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best toping table of our gentry, who can roar out some rhapsodies of his works: so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors, What? dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to *eat*? (meaning the rhapsodists who lived by repeating his verses); thus may it be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors; dares any one despise him, who has made so many men *drink*? Alas, Sir, this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and

and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. These things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient poet Mr. Dursey! It is mortifying enough, it must be confessed; but, however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia*, as it is said in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: send me elegies, and you shall not want heroics. At present, I have only these arguments in prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your translation of *Pari me Sulmo tenet*—and the ring; the rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe them, and whatsoever orders you are pleased to give me shall be punctually obeyed by
Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

May 10, 1710.

I HAD not so long omitted to express my acknowledgements to you for so much good-nature and friendship as you lately showed me; but that I am but just returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C's, who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclined to think my friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you, he has a sincere respect for you; and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: or else have recourse to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil, down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means

to

to be compared to Mr. Dennis: and I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagined, that he, who had escaped all the misfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus, should in these days find an enemy more severe and barbarous than those tyrants? and that enemy the gentlest too, the best-natured of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seemed not more unlike himself, in the severity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of stiff things makes limber) will turn a resolute critic to a gentle reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, new-fashioned Mr. Cromwell, restore unto us our old acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and constantly every morning read over a pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a month or so. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a critic's severity, than it did to the assuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger, of old? In these fields, you will be secure of finding no enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

LETTER XIII.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recovered from a dangerous illness, which was first contracted in town, about a fortnight

night after my coming hither, I troubled you with a letter, and * paper inclosed, which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you, promising me in return some translations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands, so that it is to be feared, that though I have escaped death, I have not oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which, you told me, you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monsieur de la Fontain's would fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of sacrilege (do you think it is not?) to steal epitaphs. In my present, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*, but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourself, and some others. They say indeed it is one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be so to forget those on whom they conferred them: then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes! I am, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may ensue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himself will not comfort and support another in his idleness; if those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the charity of visiting a tomb and a dead friend, and strowing a few flowers over him: in the shades where I am, the inhabitants have a mutual compassion for each other; being all alike *Inanes*;

* Verses on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rochester's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old.

we saunter to one another's habitations, and daily assist each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that all alive as you are, you may not sometimes disdain—*desipere in loco*. Though you are no Papist, and have not so much regard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your silence), yet I hope you are not one of those heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull state of sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you, I am still, though in a state of separation,

Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this sentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will serve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.

LETTER XIV.

June 24, 1710.

IT is very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case when I wondered I did not hear from you: but I no sooner received your short letter, but I forgot your long silence: and so many fine things as you said of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was impossible you could have better timed your compliment on my philosophy; it was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I could least be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. It is not easy to ex-

press what an exaltation it gave to my spirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and it is no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his jaleps and syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

*Pour les moins, votre compliment
M'a soulagé dans ce moment ;
Et des qu'on me l'est venu faire
J'ai chassé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.*

Nevertheless I would not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the subject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with some of my size: I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, esteem myself the least thing like a man in England, yet I cannot but be sorry, two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, those ancient enemies to our Pygmæan ancestors! You of a superior species little regard what befalls us *homunciones sesquipedales*; however, you have no reason to be so unconcerned, since all physicians agree there is no greater sign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rallied my person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my countenance: some days after, to be revenged on her, I presented her, among other company, the following rondeau on that occasion, which I desire you to show Sappho.

*You know where you did despise
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And some things of little size,*

You know where.

You,

*You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize,
Is a thing of little size,*

You know where.

This sort of writing, called the *rondeau*, is what I never knew practised in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. It is to be observed, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it round O, is a manifest corruption, and by no means to be allowed of by critics. Some may mistakenly imagine, that it was a sort of *rondeau* which the Gallic soldiers sung in Cæsar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Cæsar subegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the *rondeau*, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will say, that the song of the soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and so consequently imperfect, neither Heinſius nor I can be of that opinion; and so I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, since I have found by experience, that you most easily forgive my impertinencies. It is only to show you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can say can be worth your reading, so I may as well throw out what comes uppermost, as study to be dull.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

From MR. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT last I have prevailed over a lazy humour to transcribe this elegy: I have changed the situation of some of the Latin verses, and made some interpolations; but I hope they are not absurd, and foreign to my author's sense and manner: but they are referred to your censure, as a debt; whom I esteem no less a critic than a poet: I expect to be treated with the same rigour as I have practised to Mr. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

I desire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his speech to Pyrrhus in the second Æneid, says this to him,

At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's answer) only his degeneracy: but then these following lines of the version (I suppose from Homer's history) seem absurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

*He cheer'd my sorrows, and for sums of gold
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.*

I am your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

July 20, 1710.

I GIVE you thanks for the version you sent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness, like a mistress, whose faults we see,

fee, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously altered his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error: what I have written in the margins being merely guesses at a little improvement, rather than criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you should subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge them agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other: nor shall I take it at all amiss that another differs from my opinion: it is no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have translated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem*. The 8th of book iii. or the 11th of book iii. which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second *Æneid*, it is either so plain as to require no solution; or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. Priam would say, that "Achilles (whom surely you only feign to be your father, since your actions are so different from his) did not use me thus inhumanly. He blushed at his murder of Hector, when he saw my sorrows for him; and restored his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from him:" granting the truth of what Priam had said of the difference between them. Indeed Mr. Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling *for money* the body of Hector, seems not so proper; it in some measure lessening the character of Achilles's generosity and piety, which is the

very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be questioned, being expressly taken from Homer, who represents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives the body, he uses these words, "O my friend, Patroclus! forgive me that I quit the corpse of him that killed thee; I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral."

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From MR. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOOKING among some French rhymes, I was agreeably surpris'd to find in the rondeau of * *Pour le moins*—your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon Voiture, whose *Ou vous savez* is much inferior to your *You know where*—You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend says), but the whole reckoning; who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For my elegy †; it is confess'd, that the topography of Sulmo in Latin makes but an awkward figure in the version. Your couplet of the dog-star is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradise; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden is certainly most absurd; but Xenophon, in his Oeconomics, speaking of a garden finely planted and watered, (as is here described),

* In Voiture's poems.

† Ovid's amorum, l. ii. cl. 16. Pars me Sulmo, &c.

calls it *Paradisos*: it is an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the celestial orb; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte cæli*—How trees can enjoy, let the naturalists determine; but the poets make them sensitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil in his *Georgics*, lib. ii. Horace, ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos*. Epod. ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine altas maritat populos*. Your critic is a very *Dulcepiccante*; for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Aug. 21, 1710.

YOUR letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for since Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; though just before, and once since, I writ to him, and though I know myself guilty of no offence but of doing sincerely just what he bid me*—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greatest injury he does me, is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very solicitous for, and very uneasy in the fear of any indisposition that may befall him. In what I sent you some time ago, you have not verse enough to be severe upon, in revenge for my last criticism: in one point I must persist, that is to say, my dislike of your *Paradise*, in which I take no pleasure; I know very well that in Greek it is not only used by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in English it bears the signification, and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reason against making Ovid use it; who will

* Correcting his verses. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope.

be thought to talk too much like a Christian in your version at least, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the rest of my remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon them, (as I think, I told you before), and in particular in the point of *trees enjoying*, you have, I must own, fully satisfied me, that the expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your translation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence in any thing), that I will never be unsincere, though I may be often mistaken. To use sincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced so much of it; and I need not tell you, how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the world so much as that quality. I know, you sometimes say civil things to me in your epistolary style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *admiring*; it is a word you are so used to in conversation of ladies, that it will creep into your discourse, in spite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themselves secure of admiration, commit a thousand negligences, which show them so much at disadvantage and off their guard, as to lose the little real love they had before; so when men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their imperfections and foolish works, to the disparagement of the little wit they were thought masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by so much indulgence) some verses of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner*; and are, perhaps, such imitations as those you see in awkward country-dames, of the fine and

* One or two of those were since printed among other imitations done in his youth.

well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnshire, they may save you one hour from the conversation of the country gentlemen and their tenants, (who differ but in dress and name), which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my poetry. I hope your stay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time, I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never cease to be)

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Oct. 12, 1710.

I DEFERRED answering your last, upon the advice I received, that you were leaving the town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a design of seeing my friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account yourself. But my almost continual illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my life. However, I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best cure in nature for ambition, and designs upon the world or fortune: it makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be easy, by intervals, for the present. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of life to those who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the mistresses of their desires. I thank God there is nothing out of myself which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a friend; a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for some years been employed much like children that build houses with cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natured by-stander could puff away.—But I will trouble

trouble you no farther with writing, nor myself with thinking of this subject.

I was mightily pleased to perceive, by your quotation from Voiture, that you had tracked me so far as France. You see it is with weak heads as with weak stomachs, they immediately throw out what they received last; and what they read floats upon the surface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however, cannot be said of the love-verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is so puerile and so like the author, that no body will suspect any thing to be borrowed. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it seems searched in Waller, but searched in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right—for it was my own opinion before. If you think them not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verses, and have not forgot who promised me Ovid's elegy *Ad amicam navigantem*. Had Ovid been as long composing it, as you in sending it, the lady might have sailed to Gades, and received it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticism upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic servat studii fœdera quisque sui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epsom) for telling you truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I should be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and esteem for you.

*Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes:*

UNUM

*Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.*

By these *epule*, as I take it, Persius meant the Portuguese snuff and burnt claret, which he took with his master Cornutus; and the *verecunda mensa* was, without dispute, some coffee-house-table of the ancients.—I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only such in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction described in them, being truly

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

Oct. 28, 1710.

I AM glad to find, by your last letter, that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I assure you, I never valued half so much as I do that sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry; since I shall do nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value sincerity the more, as I find, by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their verses, even though themselves pronounce sentence upon them.—As to Mr. Philips's pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is, for the greatest part, a translation from Virgil's *Daphnis*. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest,

rest, only observe in that of the nightingale these lines, (speaking of the musician's playing on the harp),

*Now lightly skimming o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting airs arise at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the chords, with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling tones a manly grace.*

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a shepherd, as they are here; in the poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper.— They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better eclogues in our language. There is a small copy of the same author published in the Tatler, No. 12. on the Danish winter: it is poetical painting, and I recommend it to your perusal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not seen, but believe I shall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will's*, who swore it was good; for, though I am very cautious of swearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more safely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your censure of the use of sea-terms in Mr. Dryden's *Virgil*; not only because Helenus was no great prophet in those matters, but because no terms of art or cant words suit with the majesty and dignity of style which epic poetry requires.— *Cui mens diviniior atque os magna sonaturum*.— The Tarpawlin phrase can please none but such *qui aurum habent Batavam*; they must not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phrases of Martial here very dexterously.)

Though you say you did not rightly take my meaning in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will
not

not explain it; because, though it seems you are resolved to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reason too, because I have quite forgot both the verse and the application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my most hearty service to Mr. Wycherley, though I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, since he there told me he was going instantly out of town, and till his return was my servant, &c. I guess by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour; that is, assure him I have ever borne all the respect and kindness imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has estranged him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more safely my friend, since no invitation of his shall ever more make me so free with him. I could not have thought any man so very cautious and suspicious, as not to credit his own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe nobody, may be a maxim of safety, but not so much of honesty. There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed; and I can truly boast this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wycherley. But I pardon his jealousy, which is become his nature, and shall never be his enemy whatsoever he says of me.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I FIND I am obliged to the sight of your love verses, for your opinion of my sincerity; which had never been called in question, if you had not forced me, upon so many other occasions, to express my esteem.

VOL. V.

D

I have

I have just read and compared * Mr. Rowe's version of the ixth of Lucan, with very great pleasure, where I find none of those absurdities so frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the sake of lashing the priests; one where Cato says—*Sortileges egeant dubii*—and one in the simile of the Hæmorrhoids—*satidici Sabæi*—He is so errant a Whig, that he strains even beyond his author, in passion for liberty, and aversion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan ix. in initio*, describing the seat of the *Semidei manes*, says,

*Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.*

Mr. Rowe has this line,

Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an *error sphericus* in this or no?

Your, &c.

LETTER XXII.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU mistake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly used with my love-verses, gave me the first opinion of your sincerity: I assure you it only did what every good-natured action of yours has done since, confirmed me more in that opinion. The fable of the Nightingale in Philips's pastorals is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the same subject, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*; only the tomb he erects at the end, is added from Virgil's conclusion of the *Culex*. I cannot forbear giving you a passage out of the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find the English poet is indebted to it.

* Pieces printed in the 6th volume of Tonson's Miscellanies.

*Alternat mira arte fides : dum torquet acutas,
 Inciditque, graves operoso verberare pulsat.
 Jamque manu per fila volat ; simul hos, simul illos
 Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
 Mox filet. Illa modis totidem respondet, et artem
 Arte referet. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
 Præbit iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci,
 Nunc casum variat, modulisque canora minutis
 Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.*

This poem was many years since imitated by Craslow, out of whose verses the following are very remarkable :

*From this to that, from that to this he flies,
 Feels music's pulse in all its arteries :
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.*

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. Rowe's ixth book of Lucan : indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the famous French imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole comment into the text of the version, as particularly in line 8c8. *Utque solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci*—And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the Latin,

*Vidiit quanta sub nocte jaceret
 Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibra trunci,*

no less than eight in English.

What you observe, sure, cannot be an *error sphaericus*, strictly speaking, either according to the Ptolemaic, or our Copernican system ; Tycho Brahe himself will be on the translator's side. For Mr. Rowe here says no more, than that he looked down on the rays of the sun, which Pompey might do even though the body of the sun were above him.

You cannot but have remarked what a journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the sake of his fine de-

scriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better reason than this;

Hæc eadem suadebet hiems, quæ clauserat æquor.

The winter's effects on the sea, it seems, were more to be dreaded than all the serpents, whirlwinds, sands, &c. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his speech to the soldiers: then he fetches a compass a vast way round about, to the Nasamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: and Labienus must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he says—*fors obtulit et fortuna via*—either Labienus or the map is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes, (which he might have taken first in his way to Utica), and so to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who seems to have made Cato speak his own mind, when he tells his army—*Ire sat est*—no matter whether. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From MR. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE system of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan, with the rest of the Latin poets, seems to follow Plato, whose order of the spheres is clear in Cicero *De natura deorum*, *De somnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius. The seat of the *semidei manes* is Platonic too, for Apuleius *De deo Socratis* assigns the same to the *genii*, viz. the region of the air for their intercourse with gods and men; so that, I fancy, Rowe mistook the situation, and I cannot be reconciled to, *Look down on the sun's rays*. I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes, and wish you had told me, if the *sortilegi*, and *fatidici*, could license his invective against priests; but I suppose you think them (with Helena) undeserving of your protection.

tection. I agree with you in Lucan's errors; and the cause of them, his poetic descriptions: for the Romans then knew the coast of Africa from Cyrene (to the south east of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray, remember how your Homer nodded while Ulysses slept, and waking knew not where he was, in the short passage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's versions for their justness; his psalm is excellent, the prodigies in the first Georgic judicious, (whence I conclude that it is easier to turn Virgil justly into blank verse than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run thus:

*The blasted Phaeton with blazing hair,
Shot gliding through the vast abyss of air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling star.*

I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make use of that freedom and familiarity of style, which we have taken up in our correspondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you, without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the least an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, it is a mercy on this occasion that I do not give you an account of his life and conversation; as how he lived some years like an enchanted knight in a certain island, with a tale of a King of Denmark's mistress that shall be nameless. — But I have compassion on you, and would not for the world you should stay any longer among the *genii* and *femidei manes*, you know where; for if once you get so near the moon, Sappho will want your presence in the clouds and inferior regions;

not to mention the great loss Drury-lane will sustain, when Mr. C—— is in the milky way. These celestial thoughts put me in mind of the priests you mention, who are a sort of *fortilegi* in one sense, because in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at best in an uncertainty, whereas the setters-up are sure of something. Priests indeed in their character, as they represent God, are sacred; and so are constables as they represent the king; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeness in them. Yet I can assure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad; and, I think, that in condemning these we praise those. The translations from Ovid I have not so good an opinion of as you; because I think they have little of the main characteristic of this author, a graceful easiness. For, let the sense be ever so exactly rendered, unless an author looks like himself, in his air, habit, and manner, it is a disguise, and not a translation. But as to the psalm, I think David is much more beholden to the translator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From MR. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1710.

THE same judgment we made on Rowe's ixth of Lucan will serve for his part of the viith, where I find this memorable line,

*Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atque virum.*

For this he employs six verses, among which is this,

As if on knightly terms in list they ran.

Pray

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an anachronism?—Tickel in his version of the Phoenix from Claudian,

*When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign.*

Claudian thus,

*Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes,
Edomito tellure, manes.*

Which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion and the conflagration of Phaeton; not to the final dissolution. Your thought of the priests lottery is very fine: you play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your observations are all very just: Virgil is eminent for adjusting his diction to his sentiments; and, among the moderns, I find you practise the Prosodia of your rules. Your poem * shews you to be, what you say of Voiture—with books well bred: the state of the Fair, though satirical, is touched with that delicacy, and gallantry, that not the court of Augustus, not—But hold, I shall lose what I lately recovered, your opinion of my sincerity: yet I must say, it is as faultless as the Fair to whom it is addressed, be she ever so perfect. The M. G. (who it seems had no right notion of you, as you of him) transcribed it, by lucubration: from some discourse of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of fashion call learning) pedantry; but now, he says, he has no less, I assure you, than a veneration for you. Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Dec. 17, 1710.

IT seems that my late mention of Crashaw, and my quotation from him, has moved your curiosity. I

* To a Lady, with the Works of Voiture.

therefore

therefore send you the whole Author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for some years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose works may just deserve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards design, form, fable, (which is the soul of poetry), all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts, (which is the body), will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse, (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry), may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies; nor can it well be otherwise since no man can be a true poet who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets; and under this head will only fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This author formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His thoughts, one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetched, and too often strained and stiffened to make them appear the greater. For men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful, and inconsiderate authors would rather be admired than understood. This ambition of surprising a reader, is the true natural cause of all fustian, or bombast in poetry. To confirm what I have said, you need but look into his first poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st stanzas are as sublimely dull as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d stanzas of the same copy are soft and pleasing; and if these last want any thing, it

is an easier and more unaffected expression. The remaining thoughts in that poem might have been spared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And, by this example in the first, one may guess at all the rest; to be like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts, and suitable expressions; of forced and inextricable conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A reader may skim off the froth, and use the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep, will meet with a mouthful of dregs; either the top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle way, is best.

To speak of his numbers is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric; it is evident his heroic verse (the best example of which is his *Music's Duel*) is carelessly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that, had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestic, but sweet; and the time considered of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst versificators.

I will just observe, that the best pieces of this author are a Paraphrase on Psalm xxiii. On Lessius, Epitaph on Mr. Ashton, Wishes to his supposed mistress, and the *Dies Ira*.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Dec. 30, 1710.

I RESUME my old liberty of throwing out myself upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head, the subject of a letter. They are at present upon laughter, which (for aught I know) may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most entirely so; for I am never so inclined to mirth as when I am most pleased and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like yourself.

As

As the fooling and toying with a mistress is a proof of fondness, not disrespect, so is raillery with a friend. I know there are prudes in friendship, who expect distance, awe, and adoration; but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no idol-worshipper, though a Papist. If I were to address Jupiter himself in a heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard, like Dionysius; I was just going to say of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none: (however I will not be positive to so nice a critic as you, but his robe might be subnected with a fibula). I know some philosophers define laughter, *A recommending ourselves to our own favour, by comparison with the weakness of another*: but I am sure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any such consideration in their heads, when they express their pleasure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as sillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing, and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of casuistical distinction) provoked to folly at the sight or observation of some *circumstance of a thing*, when the *thing itself* appears solemn and august to the superior man, that is, our judgment and reason. Let an ambassador speak the best sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a prince, yet if the tail of his shirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wise man) to hang out behind, more people will laugh at that than attend to the other, till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you; several muscles of my face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man so much, as him in whose sight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *sub persona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a second nature than any

any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own face — To conclude, those that are my friends, *I laugh with*, and those that are not *I laugh at*; so am merry in company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil; and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: thus, when you and I meet, there will be the *rifus et blanditie* united together in conversation as they commonly are in a verse. But, without laughter on the one side, or compliment on the other, I assure you, I am, with real esteem, Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From MR. CROMWELL.

Oct. 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley visited me at Bath in my sickness, and expressed much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he presently writ to you; in which I inserted my scrawl, and after, a second. He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so returned to the Bath; then he shewed me your answer to his letters, in which you speak of my good nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at reading; yet you allow for my illness. I could not possibly be in the same house with Mr. Wycherley, though I sought it earnestly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but whenever we met, we talked of you. He praises your poem*, and even outvies me in kind expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking so much of your great

* Essay on Criticism.

humanity

humanity and tenderness to me; and love to him; or whether the return of his natural disposition to you was the cause; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your house, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his service) that you was gone from home. Lewis shewed me your letter, which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprised me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health*. He said he would go to Mr. Thorold's, and leave a letter for you. Though I cannot answer for the event of all this, in respect to him; yet I can assure you, that, when you please to come, you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination, so now by duty, who shall ever be

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I RECEIVED the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring through all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprise would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing), and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on an easier pad, and relieved

lieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the forest? But these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muses, for want of your better company; the Muses, *quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rustificantur*. Those aerial ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which Fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the surface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical similitude) is clearer or gloomier, just as the sun is brighter or more overcast.—I should be glad to see the verses to Lintot which you mention; for, methinks, something oddly agreeable may be produced from that subject.—For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so, can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From MR. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, sent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long solicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has ranged at large like a libertine, now seems confined to you: and I should take him for your mistress, too, by your simile of the sun and earth: it is very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your lustre, persuades me it would be juster by the reverse. Oh happy favourite of the Muses! how *pernoctate*, all night long with them? But alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close engagement. Leave Elegy and Translation to the inferior class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then like our winter sun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis says, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in criticism. Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not support the sinking drama; and Mr. Wilks (though, I think, his talent is comedy) has expressed a furious ambition to swell in your buskins. We have had a poor comedy of Johnson's (not Ben) which held seven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the town is sharp set on new plays. In vain would I fire you by interest or ambition, when your mind is not susceptible of either; though your authority (arising from the general esteem, like that of Pompey) must infallibly assure you of success; for which, in all your wishes, you will be attended with those of

Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken-off from two of the finest faces in the universe. But indeed it is some consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamed of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would say after Terence) *so elegant a spectator of forms*; you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day, and silver goddess of night, and all the resplendent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of these my tapers, but it is no such matter; these are eyes that have more persuasion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving posture she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you could never have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition: let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my Pastorals, for one of them, and my Essay for the other; I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty, are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago,

when there are those at this instant that murder me? I will even compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion: it will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot * have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page; take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am

Your, &c.

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's, and our author's miscellanies.

LET-

L E T T E R S

TO

SEVERAL LADIES*.

L E T T E R I.

MADAM,

March 1, 1705.

I SEND you the book of rudiments of drawing, which you were pleased to command, and think myself obliged to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellencies you possess without knowing of them. You are but too good a painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever so beautiful, as that which you have formed in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest lines in nature should be drawn upon the most durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would so readily receive, or so faithfully retain them, as this heart. I may boldly say of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an ar-rant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller these three days, it has done all possible injury to the finest face that ever was made, and to the liveliest image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your absence, to trace some resemblance of you; but I have been so long used to lose my judgment at the sight of you, that it is past

* Most of these were printed without the author's consent, and no doubt are the same upon which the censure is passed in the preface, "That they have too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, and affectation of gaiety." And it is pleaded in excuse, "that they were written very young, and the folly was soon over."

my power to correct it by the life. Your picture seems less like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifest disadvantage, by being set in the fairest light in the world. The painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but, to own the truth to you, she made such a finished piece about three and twenty years ago, (I beg your pardon, Madam; I protest, I meant but two and twenty), that it is in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one something like it, betwixt five and six years past: it was a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I do not think it will ever come up to what your father made. However, I would not discourage you, it is certain you have a strange happiness, in making fine things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us; by this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answered me modestly; and if you should never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addressed to you rather than to Mrs. M——, with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. First, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your mother, because you are younger than your mother. Secondly, because I fancy you spell better, as having been at school later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and possibly it may keep you from employing yourself worse:

worse: it may save some honest neighbouring gentleman from three or four of your pestilent glances. Cast your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: men are seducing, books are dangerous, the amorous ones soften you, and the godly ones give you the spleen; if you look upon trees, they clasp in embraces; birds and beasts make love: the sun is too warm for your blood; the moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I say, once more, cast your eyes upon paper, and read only such letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from innocence of soul, and simplicity of heart. Thank God, I am an hundred miles off from those eyes! I would sooner trust your hand than them for doing me mischief; and though I doubt not some part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet since it will not attack me on a sudden and unprepared, since I may have time while I break open your letter to cross myself and say a Pater-noster, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this distance. I am told you are at this hour as handsome as an angel; for my part, I have forgot your face since two winters. You may be grown to a giants for all I know. I cannot tell in any respect what sort of creature you are, only that you are a very mischievous one, whom I shall ever pray to be defended from. But when your minister sends me word you have the small-pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will desire him to give thanks for it in your parish-church; which, as soon as he shall inform me he has done, I will make you a visit without armour: I will eat any thing you give me without suspicion of poison, take you by the hand without gloves, nay, venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wishes, but how differently are our desires inclined! You sigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh play-houses, parks, operas, assemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fish-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

LET.

LETTER III.

To a LADY.

Written on one column of a letter, while Lady M— wrote to the Lady's husband on the other.

THE wits would say, that this must needs be a dull letter, because it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what spirit there is, must be on the side of the wife, and the husband's part, as usual, will prove the dullest. What an unequal pair are put together in this sheet? in which, though we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a scripture expression) are as a two-edged sword, whereof Lady M. is the shining blade, and I only the handle. But I cannot proceed without so far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of those honours a husband receives for the sake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to shew her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this epistle but squints towards another over-against it. It will be in vain to dissemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but discover, how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M.'s letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man, in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myself, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, it is you forget yourself in that thought, for you are almost the only woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides, can you imagine a man of my importance so stupid,

stupid, as to say fine things to you before your husband? Let us see how far Lady M. herself dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady says, is taken for satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myself

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

YOU have put me into so much gaiety of temper, that there will not be a serious word in this day's letter. No more, you will say, there would, if I told you the whole serious business of the town. All last night I continued with you, though your unreasonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's conversation, and saw the little bed in spite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me so abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old beauty; she appeared at the table like a death's head enamelled. The Egyptians, you know, had such things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the last of these objections was soon removed; for the lady had so violent an appetite for a salmon, that she quickly ate all the patches off her face. She divided the fish into three parts; not equal, God knows; for she helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the rest much the largest part, took it herself, and cried very naively, I will be content with my own tail.

My supper was as singular as my dinner. It was with a great poet and ode-maker, (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way). He came to me
very

very hungry; not for want of a dinner, (for that I should make no jest of), but having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broiled relios of a shoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade-bone: he professed he never tasted so exquisite a thing! begged me to tell him what joint it was; wondered he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables; and desired to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same for the future? And yet this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroes, and quartered five or six miserable lovers in every tragedy he has written. I have nothing more to tell you to-day.

L E T T E R V.

The Answer.

YOU should have my day too, Sir, but indeed I slept it out, and so I'll give you all that was left, my last night's entertainment. You know the company. I went in late, in order to be better received; but unluckily came in, as duce-ace was singing: (Lord H. would say I came in the nick). The lady coloured, and the men took the name of the Lord in vain: nobody spoke to me, and I sat down disappointed; then affecting a careless air, gaped, and cried seven or eight times, *D'ye win or lose?* I could safely say at that moment I had no temptation to any one of the seven lively sins; and, in the innocent way I was, happy had it been for me if I had died. Moralizing I sat by the hazard table; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the decay of beauty, and the crash of worlds with as much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of human nature! some ridiculous thought came into my head, wakened my passions, which burst forth into a violent laughter: I rose from my seat, and not considering the just resentments of the losing gamesters, hurled a ball of paper cross the table, which stopped the

the dice, and turned up seven instead of five. Cursed on all sides, and not knowing where to fly, I threw myself into a chair, which I demolished, and never spoke a word after. We went to supper, and a lady said, *Miss G. looks prodigiously like a tree.* Every body agreed to it, and I had not curiosity to ask the meaning of that sprightly fancy: find it out, and let me know. Adieu, it is time to dress, and begin the business of the day.

L E T T E R VI.

In the Style of a LADY.

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate*? for I must confess I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination.—No, I cannot go so far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's stars may incline, though not compel one; and that is a sort of free will; for we may be able to resist inclination, but not compulsion.

Do not you think they have got into the most preposterous fashion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, so has my muslin apron; but I would not chuse to make it a winter-suit of clothes.

Well now I'll swear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dress; let me die, if I do not think a muslin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *flirtation-air*.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all things—Do you think there are any such things as *Spirits*?

Do you believe there is any such place as the Elysian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wish I
were

were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: but is one to meet there with what one has loved most in this world?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you will not tell me all? you know I abominate reserve.

LETTER VII.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self, and your sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy, I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred seventy-sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Sylvia. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your most serene Majesty, in whose service I was list'd some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be queen-regent at that time.

Pray tell your sister, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her conversation, as that one vice of her obstinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to Bath, and she refuses! Indeed if I were in Berkshire, I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places, (as we see of late), and virtues become vices when they cease to be for one's interest, with me as with others.

Yet let me tell her, she will never look so finely while she is upon earth, as she would here in the water. It is not here, as in most other instances, for those ladies that would please extremely, must go out of their own element. She does not make half
so

so good a figure on horseback as Christina Queen of Sweden, but were she once seen in the Bath, no man would part with her for the best mermaid in Christendom. You know I have seen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white, I have experienced the utmost you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful steps, deserve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and easy behaviour in buckram: something between swimming and walking, free enough, and more modestly-half-naked than you can appear any where else. You have conquered enough already by land; show your ambition, and vanquish also by water. The buckram I mention is a dress particularly useful at this time, when, we are told, they are bringing over the fashion of German ruffs: you ought to use yourselves to some degrees of stiffness beforehand; and, when our ladies chins have been tickled a while with starched muslin and wire, they may possibly, bear the brush of a German beard and whisker.

I could tell you a delightful story of Doctor P. but want room to display it in all its shining circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiss the aunt of the person beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp the fiercest flame: he tried this course in his passion, and kissed Mrs. E—at Mr. D—'s, but, he says, it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree, if we were in a room by ourselves. Mrs. — has honestly assured me, that but for some whims which she cannot entirely conquer, she would

go and see the world with me in man's clothes. Even you, Madam, I fancy, (if you would not partake in our adventures), would wait our coming in at the evening with some impatience, and be well enough pleased to hear them by the fire-side. That would be better than reading romances, unless Lady M. would be our historian. What raises these desires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady Sandwich, who has all the spirit of the last age, and all the gay experience of a pleasurable life. It were as scandalous an omission to come to the Bath and not to see my Lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without visiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the best thing this country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a woman of spirit could be, so she still continues that easy and independent creature that a sensible woman always will be.

I must tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought so much of yourself and your sister, as since I have been fourscore miles distance from you. In the Forest I looked upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddesses, or what you will. In the same manner I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. — and you will but fall very sick every season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously I value you both so much, that I esteem others much the less for your sakes; you have robbed me of the pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have seen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing less than a vice can make me like you less. I expect you should discover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand things in me for that one disposition. Expect
nothing

nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I shall
always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

1714

I RETURNED home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord ** retired from the court and glory to his country-seat and wife, a week ago. I found here a dismal desponding letter from the son of another great courtier, who expects the same fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will favour them with a visit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity to drink their healths once a-day, as soon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the sole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into verse, but in this age of ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes. I desire Mrs. P— to stay her stomach with these half-hundred plays, till I can procure her a romance big enough to satisfy her great soul with adventures. As for novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but that of my life, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both of the historian and the reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness expressed in these romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may your (who read nothing) take the same truth upon hearing it from me. You will both injure me very much, if you do not think me a truer friend than ever any romantic lover, or any imitator of their style, could be.

F. 2.

The

The days of beauty are as the days of greatness, and so long all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought Your, &c.

L E T T E R X.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. It is a generous piece of Popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent, into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost: but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Aurat Bazar** as good a place as *Covent-garden*. You may imagine this is raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic, so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, it is hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts: and neither Mrs. Macfarland, for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to

* At Constantinople.

your

your lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour. I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered *Love is blind*. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself; that she who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as your's, than both St. John Baptist's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The Ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to *bear one another's burdens*; but, I fancy, many a man there is like *Iffachar*, an *ass* between *two burdens*. I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of Infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? amidst the pomp of a high mass, and the ravishing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have, it seems, (without passing the bounds of Christendom), out-travelled the sin of fornication: in a little time you'll look

upon some others with more patience, than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of Christendom, that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I should be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Mussulmen. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the sofa, at what village you learned to fold a turbant, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be *giddy-headed*? I shall hear at Belgrade how the good Balhaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* and *Muhamed*; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one, that it was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise; and happily awaked without a soul, from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company, talked myself into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one; the pleasure of addressing to you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to shorten this letter as much as you please; by giving over when you please; so I will make it no longer by apologies.

LET-

LETTER XI.

YOU have asked me news a hundred times at the first word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly it is not a sign two lovers are together, when they can be so impertinent as to inquire what the world does. All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other; I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This then shall be a letter of news; and sure, if you did not think me the humblest creature in the world, you could never imagine a poet could dwindle to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved so bravely, that in this act at least he might seem above man; if he had not just now voided a stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. The utmost weight of affliction from ministerial power and popular hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may soon have your wish, to enjoy the gallant fights of armies, encampments, standards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames stained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaimed against in town and country, may have its fill of destruction. I would not add one circumstance usual in all descriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed upon those unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But, God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your sake and Mrs. P—'s, and some, others, whom I have cause to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Those eyes that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a
fine

fine show; those very female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is speedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new clothes and furniture, (far exceeding the late cloth and linen designed by his Grace for the soldiery). The sight of so many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war yet undeformed by battles, those scenes which England has for many years only beheld on stages, may possibly invite your curiosity to this place.

By our latest account from Duke-street, Westminster, the conversion of T. G. Esq; is reported in a manner somewhat more particular. That, upon the seizure of his Flanders mares, he seemed more than ordinarily disturbed for some hours, sent for his ghostly father, and resolved to bear his loss like a Christian; till about the hours of seven or eight, the coaches and horses of several of the nobility passing by his windows towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the disappointment, but instantly went out, took the oath of abjuration, and recovered his dear horses, which carried him in triumph to the ring. The poor distressed Roman Catholics, now unhorsed and uncharioted, cry out with the Psalmist, *Some in chariots, and some on horses, but we will invoke the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season; when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it, (which, by the way, I do

do not like the better for the red; the leaves, I think, are very pretty). I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow: for I doubt not but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation, and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven: as, on the contrary, a true town-life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive that stroke, which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully resigned myself to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think of with less pain; for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall be, that state must be right: but I cannot think, without tears, of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful, that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or pursued here; for else what a torment would it be to a spirit, still to love those creatures it is quite divided from? Unless we suppose, that in a more exalted life, all that we esteemed in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I am sensible, would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to show this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think *quite so far* as I am now led to do; but to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier, and the easier at all times.

There are no pleasures or amusements that I do not wish you, and therefore it is no small grief to me that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty

honesty and our independence, I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and I pity from my soul whoever quits the latter.

I am grieved at Mr. G—'s condition in this last respect of dependence. He has merit, good-nature, and integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often lost upon great men; or at least are not all three a match for one which is opposed to them, Flattery. I wish it may not soon or late displace him from the favour he now possesses, and seems to like. I am sure his late action deserves eternal favour and esteem: Lord Bathurst was charmed with it, who came hither to see me before his journey: He asked and spoke very particularly of you. To-morrow Mr. Fortescue comes to me from London about B—'s suit *in forma pauperis*. That poor man looks starved; he tells me you have been charitable to him. Indeed it is wanted; the poor creature can scarce stir or speak; and I apprehend he will die, just as he gets something to live upon. Adieu.

L E T T E R XIII.

THIS is a day of wishes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which I do not form in your behalf. Every year that passes, I wish some things more for my friends, and some things less for myself. Yet were I to tell you what I wish for you in particular, it would be only to repeat in prose, what I told you last year in rhyme, (so sincere is my poetry): I can only add, that as I then wished you a friend*, I now wish that friend were Mrs. —

Absence is a short kind of death; and in either, one can only wish, that the friends we are separated from

* To Mrs. M. B. on her birth-day.

" O be thou blest'd with all that Heav'n can send,

" Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend."

may be happy with those that are left them. I am therefore very solicitous that you may pass much agreeable time together: I am sorry to say I envy you no other companion, though I hope you have others that you like; and I am always pleased in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, just as I fancied we should begin to live together in the country. It was a little like dying the moment one had got all one desired in this world. Yet I go away with one generous sort of satisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleased to hear some certain news of a friend departed, to have the adventures of his passage, and the new regions through which he travelled, described; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he lived among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepared soul) have seen nothing I like so well as what I left: no scenes of paradise, no happy bowers, equal to those on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one reflection strikes me: I wish you were as free as I; or at least had a tie as tender, and as reasonable as mine, to a relation that as well deserved your constant thought, and to whom you would be always pulled back (in such a manner as I am) by the heart-string. I have never been well since I set out; but do not tell my mother so; it will trouble her too much: and as probably the same reason may prevent her sending a true account of her health to me, I must desire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country-air improves your own; but do not flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better satisfied when you say you are well: for these are things in which one may be sincerer to a reasonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LET-

L E T T E R X I V.

YOU cannot be surpris'd to find him a dull correspondent, whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And though I am pretty sensible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I will content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderness of this world*, &c.

First, then, I went up by water to Hampton-court, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, concealed: for I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B* and Mrs. L* took me into protection, (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H*. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakespeare has it) *to dinner with what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone-house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L* walked with me three or four hours by moon-light, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience

ente to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

I was heartily tired, and posted to — park: there we had an excellent discourse of quackery; Dr. S. was mentioned with honour. Lady — walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I staid, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head.

I arrived in the Forest by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Moses, who dined in the mid-way thither. I passed the rest of the day in those woods where I have so often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an estate miserably unwieldy, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir Samuel Garth says, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a eunuch should found a seraglio. Dr. S. lately told a lady, he wondered she could be alive after him: she made answer, she wondered at it for two reasons, because Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and because Dr. S. — was living. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

NOTHING could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the Forest, with a thousand reveries, of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with

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winding

winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

Here,

Here, at my Lord H —'s, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (though a woman be very near as good as an angel); I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T — as a credit to the Maker of angels; she is a relation of his Lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife; being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I. I told him, it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind, and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.

I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myself, for I find myself most so with either, when I least suspect it.

L E T T E R XVI.

THE chief cause I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your sister's state of health. I really expected by every post to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehensions, and I have ever since suffered alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more sensibly touched at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneasiness. I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occasion.

I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing to resign my own happiness here, for her's in another life. I do more than wish for her safety; for every wish I

make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herself may desire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wish. May her beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as your's is. But whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of visits and compliments dare to do; she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shewn upon this occasion.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

I AM not at all concerned to think that this letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his mirth makes a much less present than he that gives you his heart; and true friends would rather see such thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the world. They who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any thing else. Wit, I am sure, I want, at least in the degree that I see others have it, who would at all seasons alike be entertaining; but I would willingly have some qualities that may be (at some seasons) of more comfort to myself, and of more service to my friends. I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better dispositions than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know

I know you will think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of flomer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have seen you every day, and imagined my company could have every day pleased you, I should scarce have thought it worth my while to please the world. How many verses could I gladly have left unfinished, and turned into it, for people to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, fame is a thing I am much less covetous of, than your friendship; for that, I hope, will last all my life; the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out: but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram.

*What's Fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.*

LETTER XVIII.

ALL the pleasure or use of familiar letters, is to give us the assurance of a friend's welfare; at least it is all I know, who am a mortal enemy and despiser of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promise you, it will always be a satisfaction to me, to write letters, and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing which many people make only a subject to display their fine sentiments upon, a friend: which is a character that admits of little to be said, till something may be done. Now, let me fairly tell you, I do not

like your stile: it is very pretty, therefore I do not like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for such letters, unless I were to sell them to be printed. Methinks I have lost the Mrs. L* I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and sometimes better). You must allow me to say, you have not said a sensible word in all your letter, except where you speak of shewing kindness, and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the style of wit and abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you have never told me how you do. Indeed I see it was absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to say, kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and not wit, which if I want, I am not much concerned, because judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make use of it rather to play upon those I despised, than to trifle with those I loved. You see, in short, after what manner you may most agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loss about that article. As I have opened my mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr. H—, who will see by it what manner of letters he must expect, if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his servant to put turns upon you instead of good wishes, so in return I should have nothing but honest plain how-d'ye's, and pray remember me's; which not being fit to be shown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correspond only for ourselves, in mere friendliness; as doth, God is my witness,

Your very, &c.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

IT is with infinite satisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at last prove your relation, and has entertained such sentiments as became him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having several times received from Mrs. * that which is one of the greatest pleasures, the knowledge that others entered into my own sentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condoled with you in your adversities, so I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the prospect of your better fortunes: and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Though you modestly say the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as fast as it can: for, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of merit when it is past its power to oppose it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are resolved in revenge to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be vain; for even in a monastery your devotions cannot carry you so far toward the next world, as to make this lose the sight of you; but you will be like a star, that, while it is fixed to heaven, shines over all the earth.

Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes, and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injustice. As I have hitherto been so in spite of the world, so hereafter, if it be possible you should ever be
more

more opposed, and more deserted, I should only be so much the more— Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XX.

I CAN say little to recommend the letters I shall write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous; but you shall find it, in all respects, most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment, either to you or to myself; whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death, in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down; methinks, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all; and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows, casements; that while a man shewed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends; even give it them, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod did Herodias, (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish, as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in life, as I do my taste.

taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible. Not that I think every body naked altogether so fine a sight, as yourself and a few more would be, but because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment or other, to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see that the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being straiter-laced than the rest; and that they are naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.—But a particular reason that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others express their thoughts of you, they fall very short of mine, and, I know, at the same time, theirs are such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person, who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love; and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country; when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire*! Books have lost their effect upon me, and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself (when you have the dressing her) is too amiable for one's repose. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have conversed with you; they would have been strangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitched

witched them with Reason and Virtue, (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those restrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes, in nearer conversation, prejudice truth, to save good-breeding. I may now hear of my faults and you of your good qualities, without a blush; we converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design, in either of us. And methinks it would be as paltry a part, to impose (even in a single thought) upon each other in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by asking you a question, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave in the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which, I hope, you will never feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by your house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, which I was there a witness of, (your behaviour in what I may call your last moments), and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleasure in thinking that those last moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which, I know, you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments; and that you are willing, the last man that *would have* parted from you, should be the last that *did*. I really looked upon you just as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero, at the instant when he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost out of generosity:

L. was

I was obliged to admire your resolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wish, that Heaven would reward so much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elsewhere.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

I CAN never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that short one from D —, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to say in your last the two things most pleasing to me: the first, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. The other is, the justice you do me, in taking what I writ to you, in the serious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious. It would be vexatious, indeed, if you should pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be increased in all truths, that are as great as this; and, depend upon it, to whatever degree it may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some
qualities

qualities as well deserving to be half-laughed at, and half-esteemed, as most hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the most like Reason of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word, this heart is not like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, or with empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as close, as any idea in Christendom.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you, it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation may interpose between you and the place you design for; and that you were restored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are come as far as—: do you only look back to die twice? Is Eurydice one more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I, whose particular misfortune it is, to be almost the only innocent person he has made to suffer; both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; that all the road might be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. It is not now my interest to wish England agreeable; it is highly probable it may use me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal earth my own? Yet it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, what was most agreeable in it should first be snatched away from it.

I could

I could overtake you with pleasure in —, and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coasts, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you. But perhaps I might care as little to stay behind you; and be full as uneasy to live in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was persecuted myself by the rogues of yours. And it is not impossible I might run into Asia in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of freemen?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think, I should be once more happy in a sight of you next spring.

I will conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

L E T T E R XXII.

YOU will find me more troublesome than ever Brutus did his evil genius: I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered very much from you, and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of hearing your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risk I generally run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleased or informed me the minute you answered. I must now be contented with more slow returns. However, it is some pleasure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more lasting possession to me, and that I shall no longer have cause to com-

plain of a loss I have so often regretted, and of any thing you said, which I happened to forget. In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways, I follow you through every stage in books of travels, and fear for you through whole folios; you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful prospect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I inquire the roads, the amusements, the company of every town and country through which you pass, with as much diligence, as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian angel (if you have one); and I am willing to indulge so much Popery as to fancy some being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourself: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman, to occasion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your first short letter only serves to show me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the first dove that returned to Noah, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind. Nothing that regards the states or kingdoms you pass through, will engage so much of my curiosity or concern, as what relates to yourself: your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of Christendom.

I am sure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at best, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be sure of. I therefore know what particular person has desert
enough

enough to merit being happier than others, but not what nation deserves to conquer or oppress another. You will say, I am not *public spirited*: let it be so, I may have too many tenderesses, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the same time I am certain, that whoever wants these, can never have a public spirit; for (as a friend of mine says) how is it possible for that man to love twenty thousand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C—; he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be just as it ought. His health and mine are now so good, that we wish with all our souls you were a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetoric, and offer such libations to your name as it would be profane to call toasting. The Duke of B——m is sometimes the high-priest of your praises; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not sorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, most of your sex want good sense, and therefore must want generosity: you have so much of both, that, I am sure, you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one despises. For my part, I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. It is you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all those blessings and earthly prosperities, which, the divines tell us, are the cause of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR,

On her Marriage.

YOU are by this time satisfied how much the tenderness of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addresses of a thousand. And by this time the gentleman you have made choice of is sensible, how great is the joy of having all those charms and good qualities which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just, that the same virtues which gave you reputation, should give you happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourself, as so much good humour must infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of poet should say something more polite on this occasion: but I am really more a well wisher to your felicity, than a celebrator of your beauty. Besides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; such as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at last, as the consequences of them all, a saint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear, (whatever others may have spoken to you), I mean truth: and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the prospect of your future happiness, or more unfeignedly desires a long continuance of it.

I hope, you will think it but just, that a man who will certainly be spoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happiness to be esteemed, while he is living,

Your, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL*.

From 1705 to 1716.

L E T T E R . I.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Oct. 19, 1705.

I RETURN you the book you were pleased to send me, and with it your obliging letter, which deserves my particular acknowledgement; for, next to the pleasure of enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in the poems, not only because they were Milton's†, or were approved by Sir Hen. Wootton, but because you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody so like to equal him, even at the age he wrote most of them, as yourself. Only do not afford more cause of complaints against you, that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true sense is more scarce than money, is a piece of such cruelty as your best friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend: I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a style of compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves, that it is become almost scandalous. I conclude therefore with an assurance which shall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

* Secretary of state to King William III.

† *L' Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, and the *Masque of Comus*.

LETTER II.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I HAVE this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th instant; and will make you a true excuse, (though perhaps no very good one), that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I sent back your papers, in hopes of seeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I should freely now (as I have done too presumptuously in conversation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your desires than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practised in the art. There may possibly be some happy geniuses, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: but this, though it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge; without entering into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole compofure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill, I have another reason why I ought to suspect myself, by reason of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I must say, (and I do it with an old-fashioned sincerity), that I entirely approve of your translation of those pieces of Homer, both as to the versification, and the true sense that shines through the whole: nay, I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you would proceed in translating that incomparable poet, to make him speak good English, to dress his admirable characters

characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, and to make his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at Præneste: *Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, &c.* I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confess I am charmed.

Upon the whole matter, I intreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and, I hope, it will come time enough for that purpose.

I have nothing to say of my nephew B.'s observations, for he sent them to me so late, that I had not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavoured very faithfully (though, he told me, very hastily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your excess of modesty should hinder you from publishing this essay, I shall only be sorry that I have no more credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R III.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I THINK a hasty scribble shows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in studied phrases; therefore I will tell you, as fast as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th past, with your kind present of the Rape of the Lock. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehensive genius; but likewise in that pleasure I take, as an Englishman, to see the French, even Boileau himself in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your poem: for you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches that
your

your own observation and wit furnish, on such a subject as requires the finest strokes and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more (though I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim with the stream, and approve of what all men of good taste (notwithstanding the jarring of parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery is it for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness (it is all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your business is done: therefore come away, and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. — has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy; you really use a style of compliment which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a king's favourite, or as a king.

This

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a just judgment upon poets, that they, whose chief pretence is Wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools, that is, be cajoled with praises. And, I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife; "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself, but she should not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret, treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the last infirmity of noble minds*, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed, (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought). You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source as beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires, in my present state, terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship, are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I HAVE been almost every day employed in following your advice, and amusing myself in painting, in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

*Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost;
And factions strive, who shall applaud him most.*

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one side of the theatre, were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the prologue writer*, who was clapped into a stanch Whig, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for

* Himself.

Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgement (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.—The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side; so, betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon, after he dies.

I am,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

From Sir W. TRUMBULL.

Easthamstead, Feb. 22, 1714-15.

I AM sensibly obliged, dear Sir, by your kind present of the *Temple of Fame*, into which you are already entered, and I dare prophecy for once (though I am not much given to it) that you will continue there, with those,

*Who ever new, not subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.*

There was nothing wanting to complete your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long absence being much the severest part of the winter. I am truly sorry that your time, which you can employ so much better, should be spent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourself, there will nothing of that nature be necessary. I wish you could find a few minutes leisure to let me hear from you sometimes, and to acquaint me how your *Homer* draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble service to Mr. Jervas. I still flatter myself that he will take an opportunity, in a proper season, to see us, and review his picture,

picture, and then to alter some things, so as to please himself; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be till you believe me to be with that sincerity and esteem, that I am, and will ever continue, your most faithful friend.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the enigmas of Pythagoras, "When the winds rise, worship the echo." A modern writer explains this to signify, "When popular tumults begin, retire to solitudes, or such places where echoes are commonly found, rocks, woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When rumours increase, and when there is abundance of noise and clamour, believe the second report." This I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is the more natural application of the symbol. However it be, either of these precepts is extremely proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your cave in the Forest, this winter, and preferring the noise of breaking ice to that of breaking statesmen, the rage of storms to that of parties, the fury and ravage of floods and tempests, to the precipitancy of some, and the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our daily prospects in London.

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of man on the earth. But I never had so much as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to attend the gingling of rhymes, and the measuring of syllables: to be almost the only trifler in the nation, and as ridiculous as the poet in Petronius, who, while all the rest in the ship were either labouring, or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You

You tell me, you like the sound of no arms but those of Achilles: for my part I like them as little as any other arms. I lifted myself in the battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in war, but, like most other folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing quiet to our native country: quiet in the state, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot, are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties, and for opposite religions, with great sincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious elogy, but I do not think it so great a one as to be a lover of mankind.

I sometimes celebrate you under these denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow-spirited, ridiculous healths, now in fashion, to this church, or that church. Whatever our teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to wish generously. These, dear Sir, are my general dispositions; but whenever I pray or wish for particulars, you are one of the first in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From SIR. WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I SHOULD be ashamed of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, and your most ingenious explanation of it relating to popular tumults; which I own to be very useful; and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myself to a shorter receipt of the same Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till you return into this country. I am obliged further to this method, by the

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I

most

most severe weather I ever felt; when, though I keep as near by the fire-side as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis*; and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stopped. I have further great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen—*Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis corpora magna boum, &c.*

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me that your second volume of Homer is not frozen; for it must be expressed very poetically, to say now, that the presses sweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine; when finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *Antonius Primus**. This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. Rowe to enter a caveat), provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as honestly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little fearful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you, (for I have concealed the true author), whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink, are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* "Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo," &c.

At length my friend (while time with still career

Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)

Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,

Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;

Reviews his life, and in the strict survey

Finds not one moment he could wish away,

Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.

Such, such a man extends his life's short space,

And from the goal again renews the race:

For he lives twice, who can at once employ

The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

S E V E R A L P E R S O N S.

L E T T E R I.

To the Hon. J. C. Esq;

June 15, 1711.

I SEND you Dennis's remarks on the Essay*, which equally abound in just criticisms and fine railleries. The few observations in my hand in the margins are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answered, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spared in the Essay, for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment, nor imagine how these three lines† can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him a little subject to anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious as to fall down themselves with that very blow which they designed to lay heavy on their antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to discourage young and unexperienced writers from scribbling, he should frighten us with his verse, not prose: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a sinner, some very sad exam-

* On Criticism.

† But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

ple has done the business. Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition: I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant an injury, and so serve instead of a friend. What he observes at the bottom of page 20, of his Reflections, was objected to by yourself, and had been mended but for the haste of the press: I confess it what the English call a *bull*, in the expression, though the sense be manifest enough. Mr. Dennis's bulls are seldom in the expression, they are generally in the sense.

I shall certainly never make the least reply to him; not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion, that if a book cannot answer for itself to the public, it is to no sort of purpose for its author to do it*. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that Essay, I protest sincerely, I do not desire all the world should be deceived (which would be of very ill consequence) merely that I myself may be thought right, (which is of very little consequence). I would be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myself; for (as I take it) when a man owes himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book, which otherwise I should have never known: it has been the occasion of making me friends and open abettors of several gentlemen of known sense and wit, and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world, or I should never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that it was a custom among the Romans, while a general rode in triumph, to have the common soldiers in the streets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that though his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

* In works of poetry and amusement, and generally, in whatever concerns the composition of a book, this rule is a very good one. In controverted opinions the case is different.

You

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days, ought to have the constancy of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a wit was attacked for his *religion*; as, you will find, I am most zealously in this Treatise; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the opposite side on this account*. Have I not reason to cry out with the poor fellow in Virgil,

*Quid jam misero mihi denique restat ?
Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidæ insensæ pœnas cum sanguine poscunt !*

It is however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial ;

*Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no religion.*

The manner in which Mr. D— takes to pieces several particular lines, detached from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or a new nonsense to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that sort, who, with the utmost candour and freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the monks is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them, and I am of opinion, that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them : he believes, that, in the most natural and obvious sense; that line (*A second deluge learning over-run*) will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be understood only (as it is meant) of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in

* See the ensuing letter.

the subject of the Essay. It is true, that the monks did preserve what learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay, while others arose from thence, insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his testifying some esteem for the book, just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

To the same.

June 18, 1711.

IN your last you informed me of the mistaken zeal of some people, who seem to make it no less their business to persuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary distemper. The simile objected to in my Essay,

*(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.)*

plainly concludes at this second line, where stands a full stop: and what follows (*Meanly they seek, &c.*) speaks only of wit, (which is meant by that blessing, and that sun), for how can the sun of faith be said to sublimate the southern wits, and to ripen the geniuses of northern climates? I fear, these gentlemen understand grammar as little as they do criticism: and, perhaps, out of good nature to the monks, are willing to take from them the censure of ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The word *they* refers (as, I am sure, I meant, and as I thought every one must have known)

to

to those critics there spoken of, who are partial to some particular set of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very simile itself, if twice read, may convince them, that the censure here of damning, lies not on our church at all; unless they call our church *one small sect*: and the cautious words (*by each man*) manifestly show it a general reflection on all such (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty, which the reformed ministers and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet, after all, I promise you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of sound faith, though weak understanding, I will (though it were from no other principle than that of common good-nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the spot where the objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow compass), that stumbling-block, though it be but a little pebble, shall be removed out of their way. If the heat of these good disputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the schools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) should proceed so far as to personal reflections upon me, I assure you, notwithstanding, I will do or say nothing, however provoked (for some people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will set before me the example of that great man, and great saint, Erasmus, who, in the midst of calumny, proceeded with all the calmness of innocence, and the unrevenging spirit of primitive Christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his reputation, which I would never do for my own; I mean to vindicate so great a light of our church from the malice of past times, and the ignorance of the present, in a language which may extend farther than that which the trifle about criticism is written. I wish these gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will submit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned;

cerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to disturb it for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity would do a priest none: for as St. Austin finely says, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To the same.

June 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you, in a clear light, the true state of it.

I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *pie fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion, of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God, (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics), than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by

the

the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

There may be errors, I grant, but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but, on the contrary, must needs have done good, in a nation and time, wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently the most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet, in reality, all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them. I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered; it is our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This cannot so well be brought about with serious faces: we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have observed, that at first the whole objection against the simile of wit and faith lay to the word *they*: when that was beyond contradiction removed, (the very grammar serving to confute them), then the objection was against the simile itself; or if that simile will not be objected to, (sense and common reason being indeed a little stubborn,

born, and not apt to give way to every body), next the mention of superstition must become a crime; as if religion and she were sisters, or that it were scandal upon the family of Christ, to say a word against the devil's bastard. Afterwards more mischief is discovered in a place that seemed innocent at first, the two lines about *schismatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared against those schismatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the understanding of some few of its believers: but these believers are called *dull*, and because I say that those schismatics think some believers dull, therefore these charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr. * * these objections, who assured me I had said nothing which a catholic need to disown; and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: he put a notion into my head, which, I confess, I cannot but acquiesce in; that when a set of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a bye-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus, whom their tribe oppressed and persecuted, should be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with honour; who, as he never refused to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserved it from all others, though of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle; which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses even after death. As I would always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay, because they are absent, so would I much more of the dead, in that eternal absence; and the rather because I expect no thanks for it.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you see I do in my conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in case of a second edition, (which I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for Tonson's printer told me he threw off a thousand copies in this first impression, and I fancy a treatise of this nature, which not one gentleman in three-score, even of a liberal education, can understand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number). You shall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendship, in both which I will persevere to the end.

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I THANK you for having given my poem of Windsor Forest its greatest ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. It is one thing when a person of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can, and another when we make a fine thing at random, and persuade the next vain creature we can find that it is his own likeness; which is the case every day of my fellow-scribblers.—Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleasure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me some pain, if I was not sure of one advantage, that whereas others are offended if they have not more than justice done them, you would be displeased if you had so much: therefore I may safely do you as much injury in my words, as you do yourself in your own thoughts. I am so vain as to think I have shewn you a favour, in sparing your modesty, and you cannot but

but make me some return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: this I beg may be the free correction of these verses, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumstance of an ordinary painter, drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who, by a few touches of his own, could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordship's, &c.

LETTER V.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad, for the sake of the widow, and for the credit of the deceased, that Betterton's remains* are fallen into such hands as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Besides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I had also a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune, to act (and especially to his latest hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am satisfied it will be doubly divine, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church music the most ravishing of all harmonious compositions, and must also believe

* A translation of some part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, the prologues, &c. printed in a miscellany with some works of Mr. Pope, in 2 vols. 12mo, by B. Lintot.

sacred subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (though I know, that rather than draw any just reflection upon yourself of the least shadow of ill-nature, you would freely have suppressed one of the best of poems). I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the subject of the *Lock*, some time since; but have as yet had no answer, nor indeed do I know when he will be in London. I have, since I saw you, corresponded with Mrs. W. I hope she is now with her aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatsoever obstruct it. I sent her obliging answer to the party it most concerned; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece easy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Answer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, that makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th, with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown, or half-discovered countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see, the world generally takes care they shall be

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so;

so; whereas, if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow; all I shall say to you of them at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months. The consent of opinions in our minds is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy lady? I am afraid to insinuate to you how much I esteem you: flatterers have taken up the style which was once peculiar to friends, and an honest man has now no way left to express himself besides the common one of knaves: so that true friends now a-days differ in their address from flatterers, much as right mastiffs do from spaniels, and show themselves by a dumb surly sort of fidelity, rather than by a complaisant and open kindness.—Will you never leave commending my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myself already: expose me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of vanity, (the rock of all men, but most of young men), and be kindly content for the future, when you would please me thoroughly, to say only you like what I write.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the request I have often made you: for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my faults in the sight of those letters.

letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me shame, if I were not more desirous to be thought honest than prudent; so many things freely thrown out, such lengths of unreserved friendship, thoughts just warm from the brain, without any polishing or dress, the very dishabille of the understanding. You have proved yourself more tender of another's embryos than the fondest mothers are of their own, for you have preserved every thing that I miscarried of. Since I know this, I shall in one respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless rate, because I see my evil works may again rise in judgment against me; yet in another respect I shall be less afraid, since this has given me such a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my slightest thoughts. The revival of these letters has been a kind of examination of conscience to me; so fairly and faithfully have I set down in them from time to time the true and undisguised state of my mind. But I find, that these which were intended as sketches of my friendship, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landscapes we commonly see in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can represent but a very small part of it, and that deprived of the life and lustre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavoured to render manifest the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: as glasses which are designed to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet, as when people have a full idea of a thing first upon their own knowledge, the least traces of it serve to refresh the remembrance, and are not displeasing on that score; so, I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my esteem for you, is the reason that you do not dislike my letters.

They will not be of any great service (I find) in the design I mentioned to you. I believe I had better steal from a richer man, and plunder your letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would letters patents, since they entitle me to what I more value than titles of honour). You have some cause to apprehend

this usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great borrower; however, I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and those who say it are such, whose writings no man ever borrowed from, so have the least reason to complain; and whose works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleased to declare, that my verses are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, it was not my fault; I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whispered, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen-whispers*, so hasten to conclude

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From my Lord LANSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I AM pleased beyond measure with your design of translating Homer. The trials which you have already made and published on some parts of that author, have shewn that you are equal to so great a task: and you may therefore depend upon the utmost services I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your service.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleased to concern yourself, has had the good effects of the Queen's grace to him. I had notice the night before I began my journey, that her Majesty had not only directed his pardon, but ordered a writ for reversing his outlawry.

Your, &c.

LET-

FROM SEVERAL PERSONS. 113

L E T T E R IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON*,

Upon his having translated into French verse the *Essay*
on Criticism.

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the sentiments of my heart as you have done those of my head, in your excellent version of my *Essay*; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but, what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. It is an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the justest imitation, and the noblest commentary.

In putting me into a French dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and, if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturalized me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers), I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making ourselves amends for any thing we have lost by the war. Nay, though we should insist upon the demolishing of

* Author of the *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*; *Contes*, and other pieces of note in French.

Boileau's works, the French, as long they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers ought to be, of the terms I have gained from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here*; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am,

Your, &c.

* This was never done, for the two printed French versions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monsieur Roboton, private secretary to King George the First, printed in quarto at Amsterdam, and at London, 1717. The other by the Abbé Refnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, Mr.
CONGREVE, &c.

From 1712 to 1715.

L E T T E R I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a solitude, an house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breathed his last in this room,

*Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart ;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.*

This was a happy talent to a man of the town ; but, I dare say, without presuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's present condition, he would rather have had it said of him that he prayed,

*Oh thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's ballov'd lips with fire !*

I have

I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at—*Hark, a glad voice*—and—*The lamb with wolves shall graze*—There is but one line which I think is below the original.

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet. *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the *Pollio*. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Answer.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life, from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men, for the most part, grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my

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own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure, and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground*. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls *the companion of obscurity*. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast, but, if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R III.

TO MR. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different

* The foregoing similitudes our author had put into verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on Mixed Life. We find them in the versification very distinct from the rest of that poem. See his posthumous works, octavo, p. 3, and 4.

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views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

*The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made.*

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every
single

single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks, it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which
 "standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men,
 "and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." &c. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

*Animula vagula, blandula,
 Hospes comesque corporis,*

Quo

*Que nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!*

“Alas! my soul! Thou pleasing companion of this
“body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it!
“Whither art thou flying? To what unknown scene?
“All trembling, fearful, and pensive! What now is
“become of thy former wit and humour? Thou shalt
“jest and be gay no more.”

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the Spectator; if not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM,

TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, chearful guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!

LET.

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow: after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am
Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Answer.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shown to the poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended.— But since you say you see nothing that may be called a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confined the attendance of * guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but it is my business to be informed of those faults I do not know; and as for those I do, not to talk of them, but to correct them. You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely

* This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame, which was the poem here spoken of.

mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take, for I was really so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these two years*, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle: (a sign I have not much capacity).

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service, of every one's esteem he must be assured already. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To MR. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine: had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrust-ed. But, I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no sort of deity, "good or bad"), since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I

* Hence it appears this poem was writ before the author was twenty-two years old.

have owned my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: it was the *homunculum* that expressed the love and tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should myself be much better pleased, if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From MR. STEELE.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to desire of you, that you would please to make an Ode as of a chearful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

I DO not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: yet you will see it is not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

O D E.

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

LETTER X.

TO MR. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season ; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot

cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon these bats and beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men, and all the good men that ever lived, have had their part of. Envy and Calumny. To be uncensured, and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him*. But indeed your opinion, that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (though indeed, in two minutes, it made me heartily merry). He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves.

I am Your, &c.

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called, "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis." See Swift's works, printed for A. Donaldson, 1760, vol. v. p. 308.

LETTER XI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work * you mention, will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

* Translation of the Iliad.

LET.

LETTER XII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I HAVE received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose * will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give yourself some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you: but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in unreserved conversation; and that we may do so many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as things of this nature seem) are yet of no slight consequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleases. It is a sort of tax that attends an estate in Parnassus, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the small pos-

* The notes to his translation of Homer.

session an author holds. For indeed an author, who is once come upon the town, is enjoyed without being thanked for the pleasure, and sometimes ill-treated by those very persons who first debauched him. Yet, to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the violent of all parties already; and at the same time I assure you conscientiously, I feel not the least malevolence or resentment against any of those who misrepresent me, or are dissatisfied with me. — This frame of mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of that Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I writ so very few, as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, though upon ever so indifferent subjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I will hardly do it in any other.

I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass, that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politics. Though it is said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: but, I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done; and the great respect I bear

Bear Mr. Steele, as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) it is not the violent I design to please.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas*, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever must set the highest value upon men of truly great, that is, honest principles, with equal capacities. The best way I know of overcoming calumny and misconstruction, is by a vigorous perseverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can ensue from it. It is partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendship, because I believe it will do justice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no small assurance I repose in you. I am.

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must even be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, though never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented: it would be diverting to me

* See the epistle to him in verse, writ about this time, vol. ii. p. 136.

to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, grovelling with T* in the very centre of nonsense: now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele, in his liveliest and freest humours, darts about him: and now leveling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of grammar of C* and D*. Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency; sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespeare finely words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce-perceptible moment of duration. Those animals, whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us,
are

are yet as long-lived, and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all space and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought? It is enough to make one remain stupified in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves: our passions, our interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophise us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

TO MR. ADDISON.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give up myself for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you and a few others, by writing. It is no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself, that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions.

intentions. There are, indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called *commentators* and *critics*, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up; but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are solicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded generals, to be first envied and maligned, then perhaps praised, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have said I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves, or are not: if they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechised me. But if they can read, (for, I know, some critics can, and others cannot), there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translation from this author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendship, and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well-used by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age is so sunk between animosities of party and those of religion, that I begin to fear, most men have politics enough to make (through violence) the best scheme of government a bad one; and believe enough to hinder their own

salvation.

salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than what is consistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and honest man. Though I find it an unfortunate thing to be brest a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five, as being so too much or too little; I shall yet be easy under both their mistakes, and be what I more than seem to be, for I suffer for it. God is my witness, that I no more envy you Protestants your places and possessions, than I do our priests their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both sides; for I know that one virtue of a free spirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-souled people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I HAVE been acquainted by one of my friends*, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to say, civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not to

* See a letter from Mr. Jervas, and the answer to it, No. xxii. xxiii.

dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you: for (to say the truth) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under a necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of Cato can speak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it. It is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther request, which I must press with earnestness. My bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much honour in your Spectator of No. 253. The period in that paper, where you say, "I have admitted some strokes of ill-nature into that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written; but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection. I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and, you may be assured, they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity, (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion), give me leave to name another passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon Homer's verses of Sisyphus's stone, as * never having been made before by any of the critics: I hap-

* These words are since left out in Mr. Tickell's edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's life.

pened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's treatise, *Περὶ οὐδισίας ἐνομασίας*, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory. I am, with the utmost esteem,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XVII.

To the Honourable ———.

June 8, 1714.

THE question you ask in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's coffee-house, (as I was told), saying, that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the Whig-interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison; but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the play-

ers, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds of this malignity*, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's pastorals. The ingenious author is extremely your servant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is just now appointed secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the zeal and friendship with which, I am sure, you will always defend your friend in his absence, from all those little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble defenders, and in such contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increase, to the glory and pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you some time ago of the things which Philips said in his foolishness: but I cannot tell from any thing in your

* These grounds were Mr. Pope's writing the ironical comparison between his own and Philips's Pastorals in the Guardian: It was taken for a serious criticism by Steele, (who received it from an unknown hand), and by all at Button's, except Mr. Addison, who saw into the joke immediately: and the next time he met Mr. Pope, told him into what a ridiculous situation he had put his friends at Button's, who had declared their dislike of having Philips so extolled at the expence of another of the club. Which was the language Steele had before held with Pope, when he first received the papers.

letter,

letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for some years past, looked upon all of them no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even, in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the successful your secret ones: for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled: and at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less industry might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end; a satisfaction, which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel; and a glory, which, (though in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death), yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts, they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imagination: our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy

images, and airy prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long habit, and weariness of the same track. Homer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thousand verses are equivalent to fourscore years, to make one old in rhyme: and I should be sorry and ashamed to go on jingling to the last step, like a waggoner's horse, in the same road, and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of Reason, who is measuring syllables, and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you.

I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 1714.

I HAVE no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom, I almost fear, I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with headachs, that very much affect my sight, and indeed since my coming hither I have scarce passed an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would seriously have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendship than he who least deserves it on all other accounts than his due sense of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a task you undertake, when

you

you profess yourself my friend; there are some Tories who will take you for a Whig, some Whigs who will take you for a Tory, some Protestants who will esteem you a rank Papist, and some Papists who will account you a heretic.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be just to all men. The notions of right and wrong are so far strained, that perhaps to be in the right so very violently, may be of worse consequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all men so well, that, I am satisfied, but few can wish me so; but if those few are such as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the best people I know. While you believe me what I profess as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may say; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can easily bear that the most violent and mad of all parties rise up to throw dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer: Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very first to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer all sort of public prosecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to distinguish himself, or gratify others by his studies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, instead of being looked upon as a common friend; and assaulted as generally as if his whole design were to prejudice the state, or ruin the public. I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obstinacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind: so that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners, and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were

were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them, only because they succeed—Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please.

I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM just entered upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus, I should begin my epistle to you, if it were a dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praise but what one only in the world is witness to, your particular good-natured offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acknowledgements, or common discourse: the first you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: so, in short, the last only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talked these five days? Who is withdrawing his thoughts, as far as he can, from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possessed and absorpt in the past? When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations: when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's prayer, I begin,

God of the silver bow, &c.

While

While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? Whether my translation go well on? Whether Dennis be writing criticisms? Whether any body will answer him, since I do not? And whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXI.

To the same.

August 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author,

*Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't;*

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry; for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis.

I fancy

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope (piously hope) to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any, and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a stayed man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human nature: while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

 LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

August 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could

could keep you in suspense for twenty lines ; but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good god-father, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head, shadowed and heightened carefully; and I inclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? Perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

LET.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Answer.

August 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig-principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer, in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgements on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value, suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me; so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison

son is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such, as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty. — A curse on the word *party*, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALIFAX*.

MY LORD,

Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune

* See the note on ver. 116, of his Imit. of the first Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am)

Your, &c.

LETTER XXV*.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I AM writing you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable. What would you have otherwise, from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and sighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.—

My † Zoilus, which you used to write about, I finished last Spring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagined it a lost piece of

* This, and the three extracts following, concerning the translation of the first Iliad, set on foot by Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope has omitted in his first edition.

† Printed for B. Lintot, 1715. 8vo, and afterwards added to the last edition of his poems.

labour. If you will still have it, you need only write me a word.

I have here seen the first book of Homer *, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours; but what surprises me more is, that, a scholar being concerned, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious proposal; the translating what you call *ablution* by the word *offals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of the

Rev. DR. BERKLEY, Dean of Londonderry.

July 7, 1715.

—Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sat in judgment upon the two new translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. —'s, and without comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

* Written by Mr. Addison, and published in the name of Mr. Tickell.

Extract from a LETTER of

MR. GAY to MR. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

— I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleased with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language*. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore-finger. — I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c. and Mr. Addison says, that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of

DR. ARBUTHNOT to MR. POPE.

July 9, 1713.

— I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his preface to an edition of the Drummer, a comedy by Mr. Addison, shews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addison himself was the person who translated this book."

L E T T E R XXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Hon. JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

July 15, 1715.

I LAY hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say, such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water: for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when Old England is no longer Old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good-humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For, they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T's and my translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number; and that is the case with the little senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory: I translated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest

slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court-faction at Button's.— But, after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the grand monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us*.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of. Monsieur de la Motte's book: and I cannot conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the minister, but to the friend †." However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MA. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METHINKS when I write to you, I am making a confession; I have got (I cannot tell how) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged

* We find here most of the sentiments he soon after put into verse on this occasion.

† Alluding to St. John's letter to Prior, published in the *Report of the Secret Committee*.

of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no dispraise to me that they will not: the cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in discovering its own fault at first view; as when a stream shews the dirt at its bottom, it shews also the transparency of the water.

My spleen was not occasioned, however, by any thing an abusive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same fate with all the great and good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and censured by bad writers.

You do no more than answer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in sometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters so soon as I ought. Those who have a right taste of the substantial part of friendship, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world must be the judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not so arrogant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so.

I am mightily pleased with a saying of Monsieur Turreil: "When a man writes, he ought to animate himself with the thoughts of pleasing all the world: but he is to renounce that desire or hope, the very moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having passed a few days in my way with my Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days time, and will not fail to pay a visit to Mr. M——, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence he had some hopes of advantage from the present administration: for few people (I think), but I, pay respects to great men without any prospects. I am in the fairest way in the world of being not worth a groat,

great, being born both a Papist and a poet. This puts me in mind of re-acknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, it is to no purpose, for without the *Opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.*

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE farce of the What-d'ye-call it* has occasioned many different speculations in the town. Some looked upon it as a mere jest upon the tragic poets, others as a satire upon the late war. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and seeing the action to be tragical, was much astonished to find the audience laugh; and says the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less amazement on the same account. Several Templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a resolution to hiss, and confessed they were forced to laugh so much, that they forgot the design they came with. The court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jest, and the three first nights (notwithstanding two of them were court-nights) were distinguished by very full audiences of the first quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at first with great gravity and sedateness, some few with tears; but after the third day they also took the hint, and have ever since been very loud in their claps. There are still some sober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are so much the majority, that one or two critics seem determined to undeceive the town at their proper cost, by writing grave dissertations against it: to encourage them in which laudable design, it is resolved a preface shall be prefixed to the farce, in vindication

* Written by Gay.

cation

cation of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am sorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punished by others, but suffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of interest, as yet, whatever may be his prospects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great instance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-spirit, of any side. I wish all violence may succeed as ill: but am really amazed that so much of that sour and pernicious quality should be joined with so much natural good-humour, as, I think, Mr. Steele is possessed of. I am, &c.

L E T T E R XXIX.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his picture; in the meantime, amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's. Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church-history; the knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, so celebrated of late for his discoveries of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of verses*. Mr. Rowe's *Jane Gray* is to be played in Easter week,

* Called, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's miscellanies.

when

when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despised sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight saves his head, by discovering it was the thing which all women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which causes the sheets to be long a-drying: this gives Mr. Lintot great uneasiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the curate of his parish to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a six-penny criticism lately published upon the tragedy of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, wherein he, with much judgment and learning, calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave. His grand charge is against the *Pilgrim's Progress* being read, which, he says, is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this censure, he goes on to tell you, that the *Pilgrim's Progress* being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the tragedy of Cato having just eight times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the press. He has also endeavoured to show, that every particular passage of the play alludes to some fine part of tragedy, which, he says, I have injudiciously and profanely abused*. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's house, I believe, will be published in the Easter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking; purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: pray cause the stuff-

* This curious piece was intitled, *A complete key to the What-d'ye-call-it*, written by one Griffin a player, assisted by Lewis Theobald.

ing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves mortal to many poets, a criticism. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in some diseases), and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assailed by critics, are like men bitten by tarantulas, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath played the precursor to the coming of Homer, in a treatise called *Homerides*. He has since risen very much in his criticism, and, after assaulting Homer, made a daring attack upon the What-d'ye-call-it*. Yet there is not a proclamation issued for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet silenced by the Lord Chamberlain.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May 6.

I HAVE the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it, than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the Dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to inquire after,

* In one of his papers called *The Grumbler*.

it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better, for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray, give my humble service, and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quois ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be

Your, &c.

P. S. By the inclosed you will see I am likely to be impressed, and inrolled in the list of Mr. Curl's authors; but, I thank God! I shall have your company. I believe it high time you should think of administering another emetic.

LET.

L E T T E R S
TO AND FROM
S E V E R A L P E R S O N S.

From 1714 to 1721.

L E T T E R I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuse rather to run the risk of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, illusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisngly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew, in your thoughts, the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air with Virgil and Horace?

VOL. V.

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There

There are here an incredible number of poets, that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the ancients. Some among them, who understand English, begin to relish our authors; and I am informed, that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin poets, came among them, it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows, and purling streams, are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy: and, to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts, I should fly to see you. I am here, by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's, in quality of chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who, about three months since, left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS, in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double

double tax, as we nonjurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of such a play as the Nonjuror) that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in secula seculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans would come hither, especially that swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the rest of the world) a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, while I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a translator is no more a poet, than a tailor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Antichrist; a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family-piece. Come then, and, having peopled Ire-

land with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye, (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them); see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence: and with what sneaking city attitudes our most celebrated personages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortescue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and lastly, (to climb by just steps and degrees), my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: of whom I the meanest (next to some Italian fiddlers, and English bricklayers) am a living instance. Adieu.

LETTER III.

To the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful host at his own table: I suppose he has perfectly learned himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non insanire lagena*: else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who, (you know) though he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach

proach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the case of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: he has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more: unless Parnelle sends me his Zoilus and Bookworm, (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols), it will be shortly, *concurrere bellum atque virum*—I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and, if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and say, (since I am reduced to skin and bone), *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas*.

L E T T E R IV.

To the same.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr. Clarke: he entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and revered some of your first pieces, which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the Culex of Virgil, and Betrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to

ask, what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs *? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*, might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorum*s as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own country, which so seldom happens to prophets and poets: but in this you have the advantage of poets: you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have staid long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he translated the *Batrachomyomachia*) to come into England, to copy the frogs, and such other vermin as was never seen in that land since the time of that Confessor.

I long to see you a history painter. You have already done enough for the private, do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us. The ancients too expect you should do them right; those statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design†.

* He translated the *Batrachom.* of Homer, which is printed amongst his Poems.

† Mr. Pope used to say he had an acquaintance with three eminent painters, all of parts and ingenuity, but without common sense. Instead of valuing themselves on their performances in their own art, where they had merit; the one was deep in military architecture, without mathematics; the other in doctrine of fate, without philosophy; and the third in the translation of *Don Quixote*, without Spanish.

As to your inquiry about your house, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

animum pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravanferah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank indeed does all he can in such a circumstance; for considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained: every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger*.

L E T T E R V.

The Hon. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST post brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that it was a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my sincerity in this opinion, is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleasure is continually flow-

* Alluding to the story of the Irishman.

ing.

ing. The Princes set the example, and the subjects follow at a distance. The ladies are of all parties *, by which means the conversation of the men is very much softened and fashioned from those blunt disputes and politics, and rough jests, we are so guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and constraint. I must own, at the same time, these beauties are a little too artificial for my taste: you have seen a French picture, the original is more painted, and such a crust of powder and essence in their hair, that you can see no difference between black and red. By disusing stays, and indulging themselves at table, they run out of all shape; but as to that, they may give a good reason, they prefer conveniency to parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am surprised to find I have wrote so much scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a wit, or imagine I must write in this style to a wit: I hope you will prove a good-natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive the small encouragement you meet with. I will not trouble myself to finish finely; a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely,

Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. FENTON.

SIR,

May 5.

I HAD not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the Parliament, which will be

* i. e. In all companies.

as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And, I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together*, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks. In the mean time, I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, Just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it, and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the

* Mr. Craggs had had no learned education; he wanted to improve himself in letters, and desired Mr. Pope to chuse him out a polite scholar, by whose conversation and instruction he might profit. Mr. Pope recommended Mr. Fenton; but Mr. Craggs's untimely death prevented the two latter from receiving the mutual benefits of this connection.

Sincerity

sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undersigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

Rev. Dean* BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it: and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island, where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is in the hottest season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates,

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, &c.

which

which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene, is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island, (once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*) ; its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits ; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep ; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus : the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape ; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them ; and were they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they are got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door : and yet, by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the
time

time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours: besides the gaiety of their churches, (where folks go to see what they call *una belle devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera), they make fireworks almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that, being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and, when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to ***.

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be

be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris*. I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardoned the other madman who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel architectum*. However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprise, (as Bays says); the next news you may expect to hear, is, that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c. of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternixing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive

you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? So much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

*Tristi palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Stryx circumfusa coërcet!*

and I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning-conferences in bed in the same room, our evening-walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not?—This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster-abbey.—After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even
his

his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To MR. ****

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter or mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit querens quem devoret*. But your *circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler? while (like your fellow-circuiteer, the sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon, (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk), can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three feet; my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is on the

contrary full of *grave and sad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge.

I am, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which, since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare), overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher: "For that rogue my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said, that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —, and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So in short I borrowed this stone horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two
" hours

" hours to wash the ink off his face ; but the devil is
 " a fair conditioned devil, and very forward in his
 " catechise : if you have any more bags, he shall carry
 " them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil ; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner : " Now, damn them ! what if they should put it into the news-paper, how you and I went together to Oxford ? what would I care ? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that ? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d, I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I inquired of his son. " The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are.—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, do not you think Westminster to be the best school in England ? most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Do not you design to let him pass a year at Oxford ? To what purpose ? (said he) ; the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude.—Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough ; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a while under the woods. When we were alighted, " See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket ! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again ? Lord ! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours ?" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on ; the motion is an aid to my fancy,

cy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then jog on apace, and I will think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, seven miles. "Z—ds, Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I will say that for Oldsworth, (though I lost by his Timothy's), he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak; and there is Sir Richard, in that rambling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pond, shall make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot, (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he), those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit they will swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ah, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings *per* sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why, I get any civil gentleman, (especially any Scotsman), that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not?"

"I will tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S* for a new version of Lucretius

" to

“ to publish against Tonson’s, agreeing to pay the
 “ author so many shillings at his producing so many
 “ lines. He made a great progress in a very short
 “ time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with
 “ the Latin; but he went directly to Creech’s transla-
 “ tion, and found it the same word for word, all but
 “ the first page. Now, what do you think I did? I
 “ arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopt
 “ the corrector’s pay too, upon this proof that he had
 “ made use of Creech instead of the original.”

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics?
 “ Sir, (said he), nothing more easy. I can silence
 “ the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a
 “ sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which costs
 “ me nothing; they will go about with it to their ac-
 “ quaintance, and pretend they had it from the author,
 “ who submitted to their correction: this has given
 “ some of them such an air, that in time they come to
 “ be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics
 “ of the town. — As for the poor critics, I will give
 “ you one instance of my management, by which you
 “ may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked
 “ like a very good scholar, came to me the other day;
 “ he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrug-
 “ ged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of
 “ it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange pre-
 “ sumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task,
 “ that every stripling, every versifier—He was going
 “ on, when my wife called to dinner: Sir, said I,
 “ will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr.
 “ Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the
 “ expence of this great book, I am really concerned
 “ on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you:
 “ if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with
 “ a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but
 “ Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with
 “ men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the
 “ table, if you please to go in—my critic complies,
 “ he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the
 “ same

“ same breath, that the book is commendable, and the
“ pudding excellent.

“ Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot), in return to
“ the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, is it the
“ opinion of your friends at court that my Lord
“ Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?” I
told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my
Lord being one I had particular obligations to.
“ That may be, (replied Mr. Lintot), but, by G-d, if
“ he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good
“ trial.”

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may
discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen
for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I
got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton
at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be preju-
diced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to
be equalled when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a
few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

[In answer to a letter in which he inclosed the descrip-
tion of Buckingham-house, written by him to the
D. of Sh.]

PLINY was one of those few authors who had a
warm house over his head, nay, two houses, as
appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of
his contemporary authors durst have informed the pub-
lic where they lodged, we should have found the gar-
rets

rets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but it is dangerous to let creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning, *Nocte pluit tota*—an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your Grace's one: which is a country house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours; but, finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front: indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably
expect

expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty matchlock musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by ushers, sewers and senechals; and yet it was but last night, that an owl flew hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them; these are
carefully

carefully set at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study: then follow a brew-house, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the servants hall, and by the side of it up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as she prayed, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground floor in all twenty-six apartments, amongst which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house: where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a-year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms: you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, these which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable

able scene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabbins of packet-boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family-picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious, when we came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron hooped hogheads of strong-beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles, without taking up a piece, to show us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us, as a secret, the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak
of

of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the *Adultery-chamber*. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person how much I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.

YOU desire my opinion as to the late dispute in France concerning Homer: and I think it excusable (at an age, alas! of not much pleasure) to amuse myself a little in taking notice of a controversy, than which nothing is at present more remarkable, (even in a nation who value themselves so much upon the Belles Lettres), both on account of the illustrious

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subject

subject of it, and of the two persons engaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the lyric kind of poetry, even in the opinion of his very adversary. The other a lady (and of more value for being so) not only of great learning, but with a genius admirably turned to that sort of it which most becomes her sex for softness, genteelness, and promoting of virtue; and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happened, that no writers, even about divinity itself, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an author under debate. I wish, for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is not so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judged, that the best of all poets certainly deserved a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despaired of; I believe, indeed, from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only performed this task as well as prose can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong side of tapestry is able to represent the right*), she has added to it also many learned and useful annotations. With all which she most obligingly delighted, not only her own sex, but most of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and consequently her adversary himself, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

It is no wonder, therefore, if, in doing this, she is grown so enamoured of that unspeakably-charming author, as to have a kind of horror at the least mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

* A thought of Cervantes.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deservedly famous for all sorts of lyric-poetry, was so far introduced by her into those beauties of the epic kind, (though but in that way of translation), as not to resist the pleasure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verse, which had been applauded so much for the difficulty of doing it even in prose; knowing how this, well executed, must extremely transcend the other.

But, as great poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excused for vanity on all occasions, he was not content to out-do M. D'Acier, but endeavoured to out-do Homer himself, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the same enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding, whatever he thought best.

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet, I must needs say, his excellencies are such, that for their sakes he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These, if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appeared much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but it is chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprise me at finding them any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to guess what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer, from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular, in getting above the title of a translator, though sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition, nobody has less occasion, than one who is so fine a poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe any alteration of another can intitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himself; though no

man in this age seems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his translation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that hers can be ever paralleled with it.

Besides, he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the most easy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing shews so much skill and taste both, as the being thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excellencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this? *Humanum est errare*: since as good a poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as sharp a critic as any nation can produce, has, by too much censuring Homer, subjected a translation to censure, that would have otherwise stood the test of the severest adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that wrong way of criticism, I wonder he missed a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with so much slaughter, (for that is to be excused, since a war is not capable of being described without it), but with so many various particulars of wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I am afraid) so delighted that way himself, as not the least to doubt his reader being so also. Like Spanioletta, whose dismal pictures are the more disagreeable, for being always so movingly painted. Even Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragged thrice round the town. M. de la Motte, in his strongest objections about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his enraged adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

M. D'Acier might have considered a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold

bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caused only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madam D'Acier's anger against M. de la Motte; namely, the finding that in prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banished out of his commonwealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him as well as that way is capable of, *viz.* fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most admirable verses can be any disparagement to as excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, its being in a cause which gives a kind of reputation even to suffering, notwithstanding ever so ill a management of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in such a passionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakness, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuse Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the first sight of Achilles? whose terrible aspect sure needed not such an inexcusable fright to set it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's restoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excusing Hector's so-terrible apprehension at the very first.

LETTER XIII.

To the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I AM much honoured by your Grace's compliance with my request, in giving me your opinion of the French dispute concerning Homer. And I shall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you. It is but in two or three very small points, not so much of the dispute, as of the parties concerned in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the lady's learning, though I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace shew more good sense, penetration, and a better taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's art of poetry more skill and science, than any of hers on any author whatever*. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more on generals, and are besides, for the most part, less her own; of which her remarks upon Homer are an example, where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to see them; yet I have had so much of the French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for where-ever I have found her notes to be wholly another's, (which is the case in some hundreds), I have barely quoted the true proprietor, without observing upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct; but

* This is a just character of that excellent critic's writings.

what

what effect it may have upon a lady, I will not answer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's epic poetry, but what he learned from Madam Dacier's prose translation. There had been a very elegant prose translation before, that of Monsieur de la Valterie; so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous *Telemaque*. Your Grace very justly animadvertes against the too great disposition of finding faults in the one, and of confessing none in the other: but doubtless, as to violence, the lady has infinitely the better of the gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate, or sensible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute; and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse, (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray), I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think, therefore, when you say, no disputants even in divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of commentators as of the zeal of divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did the same interests but go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in criticism, as ever they did about religion: and that, in defect of scripture to quarrel upon, we should have French, Italian, and Dutch commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shocked at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles in the twenty-second *Iliad*. However, (to shew myself a true commentator, if not a true critic), I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that book. And to save myself what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of
what

what I have to say for it in a separate paper, which I will shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depressed over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a hero, you will at least be so good, as to allow the second may. But I can tell your Grace, no less a hero than my Lord Peterborough, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer: "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an
"imminent and real one, and I promise you I will be
"as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorised all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half-pint of claret. It is with some
pleasure

pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you do not use my aforesaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for, as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

L E T T E R X V.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I AM glad your travels delighted you; improve you, I am sure, they could not: you are not so much a youth as that, though you run about with a king of sixteen; and (what makes him still more a child) a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one, compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body that hers is to me. All these incidents have hindered my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you inquire of, is of as little concern to me as you desire it should; namely, the railing papers about the *Odysey*. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more ; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin, that die in shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly, (says Homer), and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world : in the next it is charity to say, God have mercy on them ! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person, who, I am sure, shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly and reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself ; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I mean the head guided by the tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordship may be surpris'd at the liberty I take in writing to you ; though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it. I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant ; but I own I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor

Parnelle,

Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his; I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book itself, which, I dare say, you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from any thing written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. All I shall say for it is, that it is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses, (the only copy whereof I send you), but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always,

My LORD,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Brampton-castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I RECEIVED your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclosed? My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate

delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship; and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am

Your, &c.

OXFORD.

LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

From 1714 to 1725.

L E T T E R I.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

August 27, 1714.

W HATEVER studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook *, though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the notes †; and the necessity of consulting a number of books, has carried me to Oxford. But I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the geographers in their maps of old Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But, with all the care I am ca-

* The translation of Homer's Iliad.

† The notes on the Iliad were his own; those on the Odyssey were Dr. Broome's,—But they speak their respective authors.

pable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that, were my epistle intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raise another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no further*. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country-justice†. To disarm me indeed, may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service. An hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests; and they seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad; and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say, the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a Papist, and say to you, who are a Papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warmed with a sense of liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon that of other mens. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good-will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure,

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our author in his observations on the second Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force against the Papists.

those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best; and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments of the state of our nation since this change. I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own; heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a style that shews you full of health, and in the midst of diversions. I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his hero's kingdoms. It will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek historians; who generally are ill understood.

derstood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to set us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man that pretends to get to heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unfavouring zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a *Barceloniad*, (if I may venture to coin such a word). I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them, when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news, with the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wish the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that

to

to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to Divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me, who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor Papists; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confess that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know, that their ancestor was great with Mr. Pope. I am, &c.

L E T T E R III.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the North? What ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace

and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me; and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the Echo at your ease. Indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security's sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus. I longed to imitate him a little; and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both. I find myself very well in this way hitherto; and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay, I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do for you, since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments, which, wise men say, should be

be the last we receive ; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heirs. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady, discharged those debts ; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence ; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health ; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bed-side, and earnestly intreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, " My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley shewed his even in this last compliment ; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms ?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments. At least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in : and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

——— *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, et sibi constet.

I am, &c.

LET.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company, is mirth; which at the best is but a fluttering, unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call Science and Study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves, are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the
state

state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy. We cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that gingle about their ears, (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that, but for opinions, like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done: which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe, not less to your satisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

You remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote. *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a general thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but that God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think.

think I have formerly said, That I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too. The more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaieties on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into honour, or, like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruined thus in the gross, with a whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppressed as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be softened in some degree, by a general well managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs to the contrary; and it is to be apprehended, that they who want sense, are only religious through weakness, and good-natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials; their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed conscientious French refugee at this instant. What must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniencies and chagrins, more than their small remain of life seemed destined to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other

other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of ——. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others misfortunes, or a more general resignation as to what might be their own; so I earnestly wish, that whatever part they must bear, may be rendered as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous. I find, by a letter of your lady's, (which I have seen), that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor-forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow-prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D** with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself.

Perhaps now I have learned so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva;

my next lesson may be,

Nos patriam fugimur.

Let that, and all else, be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well; and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LET.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-forest and you sustain of each other; but that, methinks, one cannot say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you; since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I, for my part, am not so happy. My *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *patriam fugimus* supportable to me: it is what I am resolved on, with my *penate*. If therefore you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and chuse to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship, (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing), and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here; and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

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Hic

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem;

which would have rendered this place more agreeable, than ever it else could be to me: for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1716.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when, without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern war-makers*, which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal, than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor-forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand æras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history; yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world, (according to Plato's expression), that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present. I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction; and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I

* This was written in the year of the affair of Preston.

now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours; but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world, is to grow philosophical, or religious, (which soever of those turns we chance to take): and indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, must either laugh at, or be angry with: but, if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natured. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleased than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and, in short, greater fools, than we really are: so shall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I THINK your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you will be the better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor Papists, put me in mind of Noah's

S 2.

preaching

preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst, I heartily wish your ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge, upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix profane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth, (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden), in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian, and told me, he was perfectly astonished, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resurrection of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibelines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week! and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true, (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false), than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest; though your cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the
Turks,

Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me, is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers*.

He had lived in such a course of temperance, as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety, as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was. However, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever; at the same time, I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours, and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

* See Mr. Pope's epitaph on his father and mother, vol. ii. p. 20.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here; for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancastere. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walks, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "Remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that besit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But, were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the
part

part of a friend: I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham; and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Salton said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to fear, for my life or death. It is the only reason I have to repent being a single man; now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast them to dirty people, such as, in the Scripture phrase, possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

*The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks! ———*

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main I think it may have some resemblance: for, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you. Let Mrs. Blount know, that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famulorumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that, even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family; with
all

all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well, and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

*They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.*

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls, which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are banished from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves, or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You will wonder I reckon translating the *Odyssey* as nothing. But whenever I think seriously, (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise), I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

*Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god of hell!*

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a Christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this

as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows, I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twickenham, June 2, 1725.

YOU shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a

moving

moving picture in their visible radiations: and, when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches; one towards the river, of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

*Hujus nymphæ loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavere, tace.*

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth*. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes

* He had greatly enlarged and improved this grotto not long before his death: and, by incrusting it about with a vast number of ores and minerals of the richest and rarest kinds, had made it one of the most elegant and romantic retirements that was any where to be seen. He has made it the subject of a very pretty poem of a singular cast and composition.—See this poem, vol. ii. p. 312.

to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie; (for, being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find, by so doing, that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent. I am now well; so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town, to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens: but at this season we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable, though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas fire, and exercising all the functions of an old patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B** what I think she

is doing : for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done ; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters, perhaps, may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not however suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them, and assist the warmth of them ; while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you ; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man ; next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuisti eum paulo minus ab angelis.*— If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us. Discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets say the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed : leave earth to the sons of the earth ; your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short sermon ; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1714 to 1727.

L E T T E R I.

To the HON. ROBERT DIGBY*.

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians†. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions. As they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give sixpence to stay in it.

* See Mr. Pope's epitaph on him and his sister, Vol. II. p. 117.
† Asses.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean: so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better busto for it.

It is something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take *Gorboduc*, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their *Gorboduc* and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense of *Gorboduc* *.

Adieu! I am going to forget you. This minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant those two months, (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always
Your, &c.

LETTER H.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good-nature and

* There is a correct edition of it in that valuable collection of old plays published by Doddsley.

good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never flint it in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not: and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed. But I have found by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching. The most we can hope, is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at! There indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for King George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill-dressed, that men, women, and children hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us. She pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette; which gives me some hope, that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well;
but

but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Colehill, April 17, 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties.—Indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance: it appears to us a fine glittering scene; which, if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of Virtue; and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe. Our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex Splendour to her, and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary.

T.3.

I can-

I cannot forbear telling you, we indeed read the spoils of rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myself, when, after long silence, (which however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you), I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of parliament; one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account; and so I see it in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For, having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only; the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two essays, one on the theology and morality of Homer, and another on the oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually

petually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers: our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan porticoes, or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public-house on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprised with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have been talking of, a mere jest! Building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever
Ruff

stuff man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal!

Dear SIR,

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1726.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this, of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter. That your mother remembers me, is a very sincere joy to me. I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer. I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two essays you mention are not completed; but, if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But, though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances, that allow me not to visit you? If I see you, I must leave my father alone; and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures. The same circumstance will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter; unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico.

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VI.

From MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside; for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts.

thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good-humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was too soon content, and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health; for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither, I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower; thither may health, peace, and good-humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar, (liquor of life and longevity!), by mortals called Spaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

*On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.*

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promised to make for this purpose. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side, and a green hat, the
model

model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James I.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubbleers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum!*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable, mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you, dear Sir, on the return of the golden age; for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who
that

that has any spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the playhouse? who will go thither, while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Colehill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the S. sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings*, since they have shown me your mind is principled with such a sentiment: I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind.

Quid veveat dulci nutrícula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendour. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

* See note on vol. 130. sat. 2. book 2. of Horace, in vol. 11. p. 45.

I long

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution; and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen; yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more. Perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby. She needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would outwalk him; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) "he is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him: he is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend,

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U

yet

yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting and satisfactory) so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. It is certain the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried?

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleased that I am arrived in safety at Twickenham; though it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Colehill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them. I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprise a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as I fear she will do herself before this letter reaches you: so I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do: though I much question if she can live as quietly. I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's

more's birth-days, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay respects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady, further business, and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lady Conningsby, and on the other Mr. W**. Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must, in my turn, insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his cyder, and to tell Mr. W** that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young ladies, whom I almost robbed of their good name, a better name in return, (even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it).

Your, &c.

L E T T E R. XII.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame; but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for, sure, nothing is more satisfactory, than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I am told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs.

U 2

Mary.

Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be expressed. I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes; the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them; nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity, a hundred years hence. But, till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers. Tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedæmonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every gun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins.—Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princes, to represent the *mater exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company.—They are introduced here by a man of their own sort, who

who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and will not so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of, is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character, and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XIII.

THE same reason that hindered your writing, hindered mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with, as well as grieve), I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not so much as to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house. We and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says, (I think very prettily), "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family, who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry

months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces); this is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I CANNOT return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often; and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth

warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you; so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men: for, though I am not troubled over-much about the opinion most may have of me, yet I own it would grieve me not to be well thought of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength; yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out in action. But I hope I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded. These are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and, like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in
that

that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the *Odyssæy*. I beg I may know how far you have carried *Ulysses* on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden-plants? how look the trees? how spring the brocoli and the fenocchio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had of pleasure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full, and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours; so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Oct. 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days. — But here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say, (after the other dangerous illness), “You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this.” Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures,

fires, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days, and have, by a superior rectitude of heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmute (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's*. I am confident, if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas†, the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open, through the

* Afterwards Duchess of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the propagation of Christian faith, and introduction of sciences into America.

thinner

thinner woods, over the valleys; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? The moon shines too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Have ye not reflecting telescopes *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least, (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies: do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs), stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking sanhedrin, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant; you know I am

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

August 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B***'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley.

* These instruments were just then brought to perfection.

together,

together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world : for as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare say, Lord B** has, because they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *extravagante bergerie* ; and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over-much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet ; and too philosophical to be a philosopher ; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation of the senses is repose ; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here ; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you : for as to vice, you are safe ; but folly is many an honest man's, nay, every good-humoured man's lot : nay, it is the seasoning of life ; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth : a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then ; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is such perfect union and society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all : which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a
sincere

sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

LETTER XVII.

Dec. 28, 1724.

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished, people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats, (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins).

They tell me, that at Colehill certain antiquated charities and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting; that a thing called Christian chearfulness, (not incompatible with Christmas-pies and plum-broth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice; that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good housekeeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles; and, lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance.

perance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country-way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Dear Sir,

April 21, 1725.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction. The latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof. Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world

that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope, when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him, as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service, while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

N. B. *Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorsetshire, with an epitaph written by the author, vol. ii. p. 317.*

LET.

L E T T E R S

TO AND FROM

DR. ATTERBURY*, Bishop of ROCHESTER.

From the Year 1716, to 1723.

L E T T E R I.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 1716.

I RETURN your preface †, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it must please every one that reads it: and, since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best, and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it; and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature, which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion, perhaps, but, I am

* See Mr. Pope's epitaph on him, vol. ii. p. 321.

† The general preface to Mr. Pope's poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

sure, without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you; or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much, as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I HOPED to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc** with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If *Gorboduc* should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your *Alcander*† is burnt. Had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay, for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to

* A tragedy written in the reign of Edward VI. (and much the best performance of that age), by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Doddsley in Pall-Mall.

† An heroic poem writ at 15 years old.

me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, everywhere, most affectionately and faithfully

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I HAVE nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind; to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised and augmented in several places, as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages altered and added by the author, beside what you mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the Majesty of Virgil, with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the allegory of

Sin and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it:

*Hæc quicumque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit.
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continued so ill that he received no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

The Answer.

MY LORD,

Nov. 20, 1717.

I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God, another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

—*nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

—*Ignaram*

—*Ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi*

—*Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure, (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows. This I know; that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books): there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James II. I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it;
and

and besides, it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called so; for to me it always seemed to be rather *sloping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered; and where they err, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist; for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties. You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher. This is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

LET-

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticise from Virgil to these tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you. The fate of the South-sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*; exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself. The thirst of gain was their crime; that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble servant), I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half his estate was swallowed by the *directors* of those days, resolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the CITY, and hiss them out of their PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hard

cfr

est upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men. But it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive, and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's. He says, the government and South-sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy, (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased, in a great degree: but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased, is, that you continue your favour towards me; the best I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgement,

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last. It has found its way

way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanry towards the end of October; by which time, I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,

CVI POESIS ANGLICANA

VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;

ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,

EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:

HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above—may not lines like these be grav'd just under the name?

*This SHEFFIELD rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just;
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust.
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.*

Or thus—

*More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.*

This

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you should not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste: they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance, (at least to my northern understanding), that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which, at first glance, may surprise and please a little; but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which, I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of some woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the S. Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned: for, in the general, I ever was, and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished,

flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it.—But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries! a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me ever

Your, &c.

L E T T E R VII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought, that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your verses*: and with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet, as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. No but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame: but from you I ex-

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt, vol. ii. p. 314.

perfect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever

Your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is called—what that means in English, or French, I cannot say—but all he says, is in so loose, and slippery, and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.—*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us in a way of disturbing our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of Truth and Falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out, (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can), we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my Reason, with a dog for his Instinct, to-morrow.

. LET.

L E T T E R VIII.

Lord Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. POPE.

Dec. 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve of it.

When once your epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *denied*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear, (*viz.*) renounced, deserted, &c. *Denied* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good-nature, than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

HARCOURT *stands dumb*, and POPE *is forc'd to speak*.

I cannot perfectly, at least without further discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forced* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed, and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended; and let me see you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 21, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company, to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

Inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanry this Winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health; which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing.

*With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.*

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear and clear*) that the couplet but one after that does;—and therefore in my Waller there

there is a various reading of the first of these couplets ;
for there it runs thus :

*So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more, than when the sky is fair.*

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements ; and you will say true ; for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave ; else I would have done it, to have shewed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living ; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph ; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb, while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's. May both continue till I see you ! May my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when built, as you have in designing it ! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet I am sure I wish him as much as he wishes himself.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R X.

From the same.

Broomley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday-even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning ; yet I foresee it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And, before set of sun that day, I hope to reach

reach my Winter-quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I say? I recal that word, for it implies desire; and God knows, that is far from being the case: for I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own, and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii* or *Sebofi* of my neighbourhood; characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and, by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle; which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surpris'd to find, that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon. He has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but, should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November. A letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the Winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God, as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: and I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse. But that is a vain thought; I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will

I will bring your small volume of pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakespeare shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text. I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of; but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die.

Your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man* to a dead man†; and even that the new patron‡, to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

* Mr. Addison.

† Mr. Craggs.

‡ Lord Warwick.

LETTER XI.

MY LORD,

Feb. 8, 1721-2.

IT is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twit'nam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well. Easy, resigned, and happy you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of.

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of those verses on Mr. Addison*; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprise, who never could give any.

man,

man, without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part, I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice; and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you, I cannot say: but it pleases me to have an opportunity of showing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame; which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanry, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you; and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and, to your power, its protector. Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the Winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season.

season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it: but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town, (a point of no small satisfaction to me), but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so, (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity), I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled a new by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*; —that you may teach me how to do, the same; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend, (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and

and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time, the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise: let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now; for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner*: and how long or how little a while it may be so taken up, God only knows; and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

MY LORD,

March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up

* In his lady's last sickness.

a mount,

a mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles, (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think, (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work *),

That in Eliab's banquet you partake,

Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here; for if you would see Lord C** or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell; but if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, (my Lord),

* *The Paradise Regain'd.* Supposed to be in compliment to the Bishop, it could never be his own opinion.

no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence, (not even any of your own sons of the church),

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure of the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you. The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy—however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter. I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things. Let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors; and when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only. A president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to Greatness some

time ago,—*Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue, and less pride; and then I will court them as much as any body: but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking:—when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge; I am preparing for it: for I am this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough, that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning, after my

my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future: and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord ** has pressed me terribly to see him at **, and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio*. I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like. If they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like: for that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; though, I know, the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards

employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself: and believe, that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain: nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf, frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the same.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my inquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord **; and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him, on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time; but some time or other, I wish you would
review

review and polish that piece. If, upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

July 27.

I HAVE been as constantly at Twickenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Duchess's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it; who know all my thoughts without disguise; I must keep clear of flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope, your Lordship will not be so unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touched with, [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend], your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage; and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I have represented to her, that an inscription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour

* The Duchess of Buckingham.

be preserved, and my integrity also; which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian cento, and then I recollected the *disiecta membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be. You tell me I have them, as the civilest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I HAVE written to the Duchess* just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather, because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it

* Duchess of Buckingham.

had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say; especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concerned: but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanry, and, I believe, I shall stay there, till I have said "Dust to dust," and shut up that last scene of pompous vanity*.

It is a great while for me to stay there at this time of year, and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral,

*O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicita jucunda oblivia vite!*

In this case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

*At tu sacrata ne paree malignus arena
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare——
Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.*

There is an answer for me somewhere in Hamlet to this request, which you remember, though I do not.—
Poor Ghost! thou shalt be satisfied!—or something like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I should always, could I always be here—

————— *Sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.*

* This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in August, 1722.

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you.

Te, veniente die, te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the instances of your friendship, both before, and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I live still in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it, when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me; which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanry, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall

shall consider.—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The world was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.*

LETTER XXII.

The Answer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past; and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had, was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey; to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorise it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend

friend I am, in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me, and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*. Is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would chuse to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country, (so torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after, and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener, or better, than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think, are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment: but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace, and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

Whenever

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten, (nay to be but faintly remembered), the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you; in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me, the impressions of you: and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

May 17, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul, which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you, than the latter infallibly will be.

be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life, but a censure or critic on the past? Those, whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it; the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility: and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist, in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it. To shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? It was then that they did good; that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered

entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of immortality ; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects †. Nothing is worth your looking back, and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R XXIV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to see me in print ; but how could I avoid it ? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something ; and the reputation of an history ‡, which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of it ||. Whether that happens or not, it is fit

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, on the 15th day of February, in the year 1732.

† Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Bishop's death, that, during his banishment, he was in the intrigues of the Pretender ; though, when he took his last leave of Mr. Pope, he told him, he would allow him to say his sentence was just, if he ever found he had any concerns with that family in his exile.

‡ Earl of Clarendon's.

|| The Bishop's name, set to his vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's history. Paris, 1731, 4to ; since reprinted in England.

you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*: for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year; after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forebore writing on a head, wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes, that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it. But enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters? and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuse to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them. The catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore,

fore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation. They are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend; and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother. I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country at this distance seems to me a strange sight; I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morice by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge, whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do, and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* and, when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur, _____

_____ *et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of

your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

On the death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I AM not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects; but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortuna vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sensi, et pene succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time, I shall be pleased to hear, that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents; your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times, and, if not gain equally the applause of

of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things, but chuse a subject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

———*gelidus tardante senecta*
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effato in corpore vires.

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the south of France, much more than I did at Paris; though even there I sensibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpellier; where, after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character: for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me; and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope, that he who laid the burden upon me, (for wise and good purposes no doubt), will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have borne others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.

I am, &c.

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

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